THE

HERMIT

IN

THE COUNTRY;

OR,

SKETCHES

OF

ENGLISH MANNERS.

"Quite weary grown
Of all the follies of the town,
And seeing in all public places,
The same vain fops, and painted faces."

SOAME JENYNS.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

A Preface seems now to form a necessar
part of a new book, and though I have lon
ceased to follow fashions in general, y
I readily avail myself of the custom in th
present case, since it will at least afford m
an excuse should I fall into the error of som
of my predecessors,—that of printing to
much. To be brief then—some months ag

I received the following epistle from my friend, who undertook the management of my former publication.

MY DEAR HERMIT,

I have to acquaint you that you have electrified the inhabitants of this great city from one end to the other—young and old, rich and poor, every body is in extasies with your sketches--the duchess and her waiting maid, the peer and his valet, all declare you to be one of their own set; every one is dying to know the author, a thousand enquiries both verbal, and written, are made in a day; "Who can you be?—do you intend to avow yourself?"—"when do you publish again, &c. &c.?" One fair lady says, surely

there is more to be written about love and matrimony.—A spark from 'Limmer's,' hints that fashion is an everlasting and most delightful theme.—A Bibliomaniac hopes for your opinions on black letter as well as black men.—A maiden lady observes that notwithstanding your profession of "striking at follies, and not individuals," she has detected some severe cuts at several of her acquaintance, but so richly merited, that she hopes to find them more copiously lavished in your next work: in short, Mr. Hermit, you have hit the taste of the town, and there will be no peace till you come out with "something new," to say nothing of my weekly postages, on the subject, which really begin to assume a formidable appearance. Now, my dear sir, though you are fortunately screened by the

interposition of your friend from any such direct attacks, yet I hope you will show a due portion of mercy towards an individual so delicately situated as I am, and that you will seriously think how you can best avert the storm which is daily increasing around the head of

Your very humble Servant
and Negociator,
* * * * *

Now, gentle reader, though I am not very accessible to flattery, yet why should I not confess that I did feel a certain gratification in finding by this epistle of my worthy friend, that my remarks on men and manners were attended with some effect; and I was pleased with the idea that one who had, as

it were, long since abandoned the world, should still form the subject of conversation among its motley groups.—I recollected to have witnessed other scenes than those of London,—that during my various excursions in England and Scotland, on the continent, &c. I had kept up my practice of taking notes. I therefore determined to re-examine my *porte-feuille*, in the expectation that I might still find "something new" to interest my readers; and I have only to hope that the indulgence which they have shewn to the lucubrations of the Hermit in London, will be kindly extended to those which are offered to their perusal by the

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THE

HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

N° I.

A TRIP TO RICHMOND.

Jolt goes the coach, we make a stop,
We all call out amain;
"*Only* a man fell off the top,
He'll soon get up again."

MOSER.

A TRIP TO RICHMOND.

" RICHMOND, Barnes, Mortlake, Twickenham, or down the road ?" " Just going to start! Step in, your honor. Four as nice tits as ever touched collar! Land you in half an hour! Going, a going! Just step in. Off in two shakes! Step in. Only three in the coach, and half a minute to stop!" Thus chattered a flashy coachman, as nice about the tie of his cravat, and the polish of his boot, as the very Rex Dandiorum. " Hang it," said I to myself; " 'tis a fine day; I'll e'en step in, and visit my cousin, the General, not far from Mortlake."

One glance was enough: a mere verging towards the coach, brought a swarm of stage coachmen around me. " Come into my coach," cries one; " that ere fellor vont be off this hour; I knows his tricks." " Two nice *gals* in my coach," exclaims another; " and I waits for nobody; off in the crack of my whip. (To his rival,) You're a pretty fellow to be pimping after my customers; I tell you the gentleman always goes by my coach. Don't you, Sir?"

Now as I never saw my friend before, and as it was possible that he might drive as fast as he lied, and thereby overturn me, I determined against him.—A third now exclaims, " what have you a design on the gem'man's pocket, that you sticks so close to him? Would I be so mean as to force a gem'man into my coach against his will? (To me,) I'll tell you what, Sir, he'll upset you to a certainty, for he's got his beer aboard. I say, copper-nose, do you mind when you shot your *rubbidge* at Kew Bridge?"

Here was I, held by the arm by the two contending parties.

At last I decided on the stage with three passengers in it, as the most likely to start.—I was wrong. I sat there a long half hour, and had the advantage of hearing a volume of stage-coach wit, and coarse abuse, ere we started.

" Shove in the lady," exclaims the driver of the coach before us. " I'll drive you safe enough, Miss ; don't trust your neck to that ere chap in the brown coat ; he's the greatest Johnny raw on the road. (To the rival,) I should ha' thought that you were old and ugly enough to take care of yourself, old hickery face, without running foul of a mud-cart last night." (a general laugh amongst the brethren of the whip.) " Such a coachman ! my eyes ! Was'nt you a field-preacher before they transported you ?" " If I was that's nothing to you : if a gem-'man had left his pocket-book in my coach,

it would have been safe; mind you that." (a hiss.)

"Pray are not you going off yet?" said I. "Yes, your honor, in two minutes; we only waits for a goose that's going to a duke's, and the rector's laundry-maid as an outside passenger. Oh! here comes the goose; the parson's maid will soon follow."

At this moment a military man passed by. "A nice seat vacant, your honor, on the top, along side a pretty maid too; jump up, your honor; I'll not be hard with you; give me what you please; come tumble up." "Get out, you rascal," exclaimed the incensed officer. "Half pay, for a crown," observes the saucy coachman; "it's banyan day to-day; his honor dines in the Park, or on his majesty's high roads, where he's going by the *marrowbone* stage; he's got a soldier's thigh, not as much as would pay turnpike for a pointer's puppy in his pocket." Here another broad grin was circulated amongst these knights of the whip.

The parson's maid now arrived; and a very pretty girl she was. "Sit down, Molly, my love," cries coachee; "don't steal the gem'man's heart on the roof! Off she goes! Yea yip;" and off he dashed, in the most furious manner, in so much that we were all jolted into each other's laps, and could not hear any body speak.

After the silence of a few seconds (we were now off the stones), "a confounded nuisance, these stage-coach rascals," exclaimed a fashionable ruffian, dressed so like the driver that he might have passed for his brother. I agreed in the remark; but must confess that the speaker's conversation was little more edifying than that of the hero of the box. He did nothing but swear, spit through his teeth, and talk of horses until he was set down, when, the coachman trying to impose upon him, they went into a give-and-take, of such gross and low language, as placed them completely on a par. although I was informed that the young

man had just come of age, and had entered on an immense property, and lived in a most dashing style. It seems that he himself drives four in hand, but had met with a break-down that morning, which induced him to take the stage to Putney Bridge.

Our other two passengers were two opposites much resembling each other. The one was a would-be scholar; the other a would-be *savant;* each looked down on the other. The garrulity of the former, ever breaking out into long Latin quotations, and the silent contempt of the latter, holding the scholar and his authors equally cheap, formed a most ridiculous contrast. The Latinist informed me that he was a man of fortune, who devoted himself to literature, that the classics were his hobby-horse, and that he was thought the first scholar in the university. The solemn coxcomb threw out hints that he was in all the secrets of the cabinet, and indeed of every cabinet in Europe; and by speaking mysteriously, tried to pass for

an incognito, of high distinction. We set down the scholar in Richmond town; the pompous man was taken to the Hill.

At parting the scholar gave me his card. He lived at an obscure coffee-house in London, where he said he should be proud to renew my acquaintance; that he should always remember with pleasure our journey, in spite of the long waiting and the dusty road; and he concluded by observing, "Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

"Some needy author!" exclaimed the cabinet man, who was more like a cabinet maker in his appearance, than a cabinet minister. This, however, turned out to be true; and when the great man descended at the Hill, I enquired his real character, and discovered that he was the toad-eater and the dependent of an ambassador's secretary; that he picked up a few cant diplomatic phrases, and made himself a great man when in a stage coach, or nibbling for a dinner, on a bench in St. James's Park, by the side of some eccen-

tric, or greenhorn, who might mistake him for genuine.

I was more fortunate in my company on my return, than at the outset of my journey. An accomplished foreigner, and a well-read clergyman, both men of the world, formed my party; and we passed our short period of being together, so pleasantly, that we almost regretted separating in Piccadilly.

Here the scene of impertinence, abuse, and disputing for passengers, commenced again. These stage rivals, like rival candidates at an election, spare no pains to advance their own interests. Promises and abuse, force and craft, are alternately resorted to; the tranquil passer-by is jostled in order to be pressed into the service; and as much manœuvring is made use of to pick up a passenger, as to poll a plumper. The pocket is not quite safe, in either case; and I would advise any one not "going down the road" to go on the other side of the way, in order to avoid the pressure of rival

whips, and escape the indecent and offensive language which in the present instance almost made me repent my fancy of playing the part of

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

N° II.

SUCH THINGS ARE.

Love uncontroll'd 's insipid poor delight
'Tis the restraint that whets the appetite.

GAY

SUCH THINGS ARE.

Notwithstanding the disagreeables attendant upon my short ride to Richmond, the beauties of the place itself, which I always see with fresh delight, in proportion to the time that has elapsed between my visits to them, added to the heat of the weather, and the emptiness of the town, induced me seriously to think of quitting London for a few weeks. I likewise considered that it would be a little fashionable to be absent for a while, in order to enable my porter to say, without violating truth: "My master is in the country." The shut-

ting up of my shutters, also, had some attraction for me: and the thought of finding my carpets beaten, my house thoroughly clean, my furniture vamped up, my pictures renovated, and something like novelty in a house which I had inhabited for forty years, delighted me exceedingly. It struck me too that Lord Derwent, my oldest friend, when next he came into Pall Mall, to balance his banker's book, would exclaim, " By Jupiter, the Hermit has left his cell at last—after that, we can wonder at nothing;" and Sir John would get off his poney, on his weekly visit in Stable Yard, and inspect my whitewashers and painters, and, perhaps, win a pot of coffee, by making his lady guess whom he had found out of town, with his house under a thorough repair, and furbishing up, in all directions.

My own peculiar delight, in the season when London appears almost a deserted village, compared to what it exhibits in spring, is to ramble through the three parks,

to view the tenantless squares, to look up, like a country cousin, at the houses of the great, to saunter up and down the streets, uninterrupted by acquaintance, to watch the life guardsman lost in boots and half extinguished by his helmet—the soldier, "tired of war's alarms," in fine, the lounger, the *ennuyeux*, the man who is kept in town by poverty, and him who is detained by business, with all the other varieties of which the capital, even in its most deserted season, admits.

Perhaps a wish to rusticate as near as possible to London, gave Richmond additional attractions in my eyes, and I found myself just as contented with my short journey, and my sojourn on the banks of old Father Thames, as if I had been a long continental tour, and had taken up my residence on the borders of the Lago di Como, or the romantic Lake of Geneva. I must own, however, that I had not been many days in my quarters, before I grew tired of

them, nor could I have endured them so long, had I not had recourse to my old occupations, as an observer of what passes in the world, whether the scene be laid in town or country. I had remarked for several successive days, a couple who passed me, sometimes in an open carriage, leaning towards each other with a *doux penchant*, and nestling together like two turtle doves. At other times they were on horseback; the lady deeply veiled, the cavalier close by her side, and with his hand resting on the pummel of her saddle. In the evenings they were generally walking in the most retired places, linked in each other's arm, and apparently engrossed in the most interesting conversation.

"What a happy pair!" thought I. "Man and wife, perhaps newly entered into matrimony! or the still happier nymph and swain anticipating all its joys." I recognised the countenance of the gentleman, but he avoided me. I made enquiries; and

found that he was a noble baronet, who had been married two years; his wife had twice become a mother; she was the choice of his heart, and she possessed every thing to render the wedded state felicitous—youth, beauty, good connections, polished manners and easy temper. But she was—his wife. The present partner of his arm is of a swarthy complexion, upwards of thirty (whilst his lady—is only twenty-one,) of irregular features, the wife of another, capricious in her temper, and extravagant to excess; yet does this connection afford all the spell necessary to ensnare a heart, all the novelty and caprice which are requisite to satisfy vitiated taste, all the wiles, the variety, and the enchantment which estrange legitimate affection, and alienate the tender duties, and sacred ties of wedded life!

In Italy these changes of partners are habitual to almost all classes; and I recollect, in France also, a young monkey of a marquis saying: "Julie est jeune et

jolie; elle m'aime à la folie; elle n'a que dix sept ans et est adorée par les hommes; *mais*—(with a shrug of his shoulders,) c'est ma femme, et c'est tout dire!" That this vice should inundate the continent, and like a torrent which has broken down every bound and fence that prudence and morality had interposed, should sweep away with it duty, propriety, and even safety, is matter of marvel and regret; but when we see it overflow our own paternal fields, and encroach upon our own houses and firesides, it becomes a subject of affliction and disgust.

In the higher orders, particularly, we may see my lord emerging from the Alpha cottages, or slipping down the King's road; and we behold his curricle left waiting at some bye corner of a street, in the Edgeware or the Kent Road; whilst my lady meets a spark in the Regent's Park, or or the Uxbridge-road side of Kensington Gardens. The married M. P. is later in the

house than any other member, and is fonder of fishing than any other ten men; whilst an account of the debate, got by heart from the paper, or a few fish bought in Piccadilly deceive his injured partner. The duchess too, often goes to pass a night at a relation's, or affects sickness, in order to stay at home, and receive an admirer, when his grace is engaged to a set dinner, or a party which will encroach far on the morning. Our streets, in fine, are half tenanted by protected ladies, and our public places swarm with illicit lovers.

Just as I was indulging this moral reverie, a remarkably pretty girl passed me, with the finest foot and ankle I ever beheld! She stepped as Juno is described to do by Virgil, and her eye was full of witchcraft. "I should like vastly to know who she is," said I to myself. "Follow her home," whispered some diavolone, or diavolino,—some great or little devil at my elbow. So off I set, losing ground in my pursuit at every

step. "Ouf!" cried I at last, straining a sinew of my ancle. "Thou art an old fool," whispered reason: "and a pretty fellow to preach," remarked conscience; "and a fine judge to condemn others," said some accusing spirit whom I often find a troublesome companion.

So I turned back, and, recovering myself, ejaculated, "thou art lovely as the morning, fair maiden, but the rose flourishes not near wintry snow; silver locks and crimson cheeks pair ill together! Thou art lovely, fair maiden, and may'st thou be as virtuous as fair!" I went home, and devoutly wished, for all our sakes, that I had neither seen the straying couple, nor the active nymph who caused me to be confined three weeks with a sprained ancle, which must plead my excuse with the reader, for this lame account of the feelings of

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N° III.

STRANGE ASSOCIATIONS.

But ah! what arts by fate are tried
To vex and humble human pride!

CAWTHORN.

STRANGE ASSOCIATIONS.

TAKING a solitary ride during my retirement, I could not help observing the great increase of boarding-schools round about the metropolis. "Are we," said I to myself, "so much more learned than our ancestors, that we require such a huge increase of teachers? Is not the market overstocked with these heads of seminaries, just as the republic of letters is overwhelmed with authors, and encumbered with book-makers and with books?"

I here began to consider whether there were not some other causes for this host of

ladies of all ages, classes and colours from an honourable Mistress, down to the Misses Grubbs, who have their *Establishment* for educating young ladies in a very *superior* style; and next I examined whether, in consequence of this legion of fair labourers in learning and science, our countrywomen, (for I shall here confine myself to the softer sex) were chaster and wiser than their mamas and grandmamas.

In answer to the first question put to myself, I found that there were many other causes for this augmentation of schools than the increase and more general diffusion of knowledge; and very odd some of them were;—very opposite to wisdom and not more conducive to moral improvement. Amongst them ranked, pride, poverty and idleness.

The proud partner of the shop-keeper in the *general line*, *id est*, a chandler's shopman, becomes ambitious of having her daughter accomplished; and this accomplish-

ment consists in music, dancing, French and ornamental work, which heretofore was supplied by learning the bible, being brought up to domestic utility, cookery, washing, ironing, plain work, and the arithmetic necessary for keeping the accounts of the shop. This change in education quite unfits Miss for her station, makes her look down on unlettered Pa and Ma, and look up to marrying a gentleman (perhaps an officer) who often takes her *unceremoniously* without the interference of the clergy, or the consent of her antediluvian parents.

But supposing that this *superior* style of education turn not the young person's head, and that her ambition lead her neither into perils nor snares, Miss Georgina, now becomes unfitted for a tradesman's wife, and she must, therefore, be converted into either a companion, or a governess, or a teacher at a school, or be set up as the Minerva of an evening school, half taught herself, and exposed in each situation to

many temptations, betwixt the teachers of waltzes, the one horse chaise dancing-masters, the lax moraled foreign music-master, or the Pa of her young pupils (perchance a peer). Celibacy is not always so much an affair of choice as of circumstance; and sad difficulties stand in Miss So and So's path through life.—So much for pride.

Let us now come to poverty. And just as I came to this article, I counted in about a quarter of an hour's ride half a dozen more seminaries, establishments, and preparatory schools; some of them on the meanest scale; others presided over by sister spinsters, not unfrequently with frenchified names:—Mesdames Paton's seminary, the lady's real name being Mary (or if you please Polly) Patton, and a deformed cousin completing the *Mesdames*; the Misses de la Roche's (whom nature had made simple *Roach*, and no great catch to angle for either) *Hackney* establishment; the Misses

Cox's preparatory school for young gentlemen of an early age. All these bespeak the poverty of the land in spite of the high flown titles given to some of these learned institutions; such as Belvidere House, Montpelier House, Bel Retiro Boarding School, *cum multis aliis.*

To these shifts (no *double entendre*, or want of respect is implied by this word, derogatory to boarding school dignity)—to these shifts does poverty drive two classes of females, namely, reduced gentlewomen and exalted tradesmen's daughters who spurn at commerce and at the homely station which dame nature had first placed them in. Such *ladies* (either by birth or by adoption) prefer the birch twig to the distaff, the study to the compter, and are better pleased to walk out airing with their chickens, in the front of whom they proudly pace, often very gaudily and indiscreetly dressed, than to be confined to a shop, or

to the domestic drudgery of the old English house-wife of former times.

These ladies are to be met with on all the greens and commons round the town, from dirty Bethnal, or Clerkenwell, to more presumptuous Clapham and Wimbledon. Some of them are so occupied with self, that the random-shot-glances of their fair pupils at the Dandies and Militaires about town escape their notice. Others are more Argus like; but often sigh that the bold captain should prefer the ruddy daughter of a retail grocer, to the reduced sprigs of gentility, which they consider themselves.

Be that as it may, many of these ladies, and worthy ones too, are placed *par force* of poverty in this avocation, unsuited to their abilities, their hearts, their habits, or their former expectations. The government of their young charge is odious to them, and if they go through it *aussi bien que mal*, with a degree of apparent patience,

it is the "Pazienza per forza," of the Italian. The entrance money, the quarter's schooling, a *lengthy* list of items as an offset for a very cheap bill of fare, and the arrival of the vacation, are the objects nearest the governess's heart; and when black Monday or the cessation of holidays arrives, the school mistress deplores her unlucky stars, which placed her in so laborious a situation, envies cousin Susan who has caught a minor in her net; nay even perhaps would fain be the thoughtless Miss Tomboy who has run away with her dancing master, or ruined a young clergyman of a sentimental turn, by writing love letters to him, copied from novels introduced by the maid, and read in bed, and which have melted his heart into matrimony, and made genteel beggars of the reverend mistress, himself and numerous offspring, unlooked for, and unprovided for, who fail not to appear as suddenly as possible.—So much for poverty.

Idleness, the third consideration, has

bestowed its *fair* proportion of teachers on the town. Miss Minikin worked in the straw line. But this is no *solid* trade. She plays on the harp—what an advantage! It was the delight of Pa, a tallow-chandler, who ruined himself by dressing Ma, and over-educating Carolina Louisa his daughter. Pa failed, and afterwards left the world altogether. Carolina Louisa failed also in the straw hat line, and therefore idleness prefers being an assistant teacher and music mistress to going to service, or taking in work of a more laborious and productive nature than the straw.

Miss Neville has a few hundred pounds, the remnant of Pa's *gleanings* (Pa having been the retired butler of a ruined Peer.) A retail stationer sought her in marriage; but the fellow was vulgar. He disapproved of her waltzing, and hinted something about pudding making! He can't speak French, and dresses in *dittoes*. All this is so odious that Miss Neville spurns him.

She is next sought by a Captain Cornelius O'Donelly. The name is pretty ; 'tis also a *nom de guerre ;* for the Captain is only a half-pay full ensign ; but Miss fancies him, and is ready to lay her charms and her few hundreds at his feet. The Captain fancies both. Moreover the Captain sings duets, waltzes, strums on the guitar, speaks broken French and Spanish, and talks of the Peninsular war. Irresistible ! The day is fixed ; but, unluckily, a great lump of a wife, his former landlady at country quarters, whom he married to pay off his bill, steps in betwixt the lovely Eudosia Neville and the hymeneal altar, rescuing the Captain from Botany Bay, and Miss Neville from an alliance of a bigamical nature.

Poor Miss Neville! She is crossed in love. She wishes the fat landlady at—— Balinasloe, or Balishannon, or Balinote, or any other place, rather than at Kennington or Camberwell. She forswears the

tender tie, and, in such a dilemma, sets up a Seminary.—So much for idleness.

Just as I had come to the end of these reflections, another seminary appeared in view—the Misses Hitchcocks' Establishment, shining on a large black board covered with preposterous gold letters, and close by it, another board, announcing that man traps were placed in these premises. What a strange association! Young ladies educated on the most improved plan, and man traps advertised in order to spread terror and dismay! There are, it is true, strange associations in life; and this is not amongst the least strange. I now trotted home, passing eight more ladies' schools; but the idea of "Man Traps," was still uppermost in my head, and formed a subject for the evening meditations of the

HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

N° IV.

MAN TRAPS.

There lies more peril in those eyes
Than twenty of their swords.

ROMEO and JULIET

MAN TRAPS.

The day after the ride I have described in my last paper, I took my dinner at the Clarendon, being engaged in the evening to one of Lady Anodyne's stupid, stiff card-parties:—but the boarding school, the fair promenaders in couples, the black and gold invitation to young misses, and the advertisement of "Man Traps," to the unwary admirer, still ran in my head during the whole of my solitary meal.

"Are these 'Man Traps,'" thought I, "set within the circumscribed limits of a little garden *in terrorem*, in order to frighten

away some modern Romeo from the garden scene? Are they to protect the few flowers and half ripe fruit, the sour grapes on the wall, and these good ladies' gooseberry bushes? Or are they types and figures of the dangerous attractions of the fair inhabitants of these walls? Is it the heart, the hand, the leg that is in danger to the adventurer who encroaches on these perilous premises? Is it that he who views the lovely covey of this garden must lose his unguarded heart? Or are Hymen's nets spread for the unwary? Or is a cursed iron machine actually set here to break a man's leg if he pass the wall in order to peep into the Misses Hitchcocks' preserve? Or, finally, is it a hoax, to shew "how well we are guarded, what property we have, what precious plants bloom within these walls?"

This idea of the "Man Traps," had not ceased to haunt me, when I found myself mechanically carried into a crowd of card-playing ladies at a rout, and surrounded

by the Patagonian Countess of Musterwell and the dwarf Lady Priscella Proudly, who looked to me like great and little Cassino; I was thickly environed by honours and dealers in odd tricks, shuffling quality, cutting gossips, trumps of the highest magnitude in society, court-cards and young ladies full of pride, nodding in disdainful plumage, and carrying such towering heads, as, added to their active tongues, might give some little idea of the Tower of Babel.

I dare say, thought I to myself, that there are, amongst these, some "Man Traps," as well as within the walls of boarding schools. I had scarcely conceived this whim, when declining a deuce of spades presented me by the dowager as an invitation to play, I made a side-way movement, which relieved me from the pressure of this assemblage of belles, (not dumb ones) and I escaped into a corner, occupying a seat which had held a gamester duchess, and surrounded by four vacant *fauteuils*, which four deter-

mined short-whist players had just left. They looked like the queen of hearts, the queen of diamonds, the knave of any suit, and a black deuce. The first was a lovely woman winning all hearts, (a terrible "Man Trap," this) but unfortunately won over by fashion to ruin herself by cards. The second was a nabob-knight's lady, glittering in paint and in diamonds like the second *court-card* alluded to. The knave was a greeking baronet; and the black deuce was a Greek devil, got into good company by the length of his purse, and dingier than the blackest deuce in fortune's whole pack. From this deserted corner, I had an opportunity of making a *reconnoissance,* and to cast my looks all around in order to make my observations.

The lights were most dazzling: so were the women's eyes. Bright lustres, and brighter jewels hung on all sides round the fair. Candle light attractions and charms, (" Man Traps" of another kind,) were on

every hand. High coloured prints, and full length paintings, dead and alive, on the canvas and on the tapis, diverted the attention and menaced the heart in all directions. All was mute at the card tables, —gravity and anxiety, avarice and disappointment, cunning and composure, weakness and craft.

I turned from this unpleasing scene, and now gave all my attention to an elderly quondam beauty, surrounded by four daughters, who were fluttered round by insects of fashion, and butterflies of bon ton, who having paid the usual forfeit at loo, or cut out, after losing their money, were thus at liberty to flirt and vapour, trifle and strut out their brief hour.

Now the mama and the four daughters were all " Man Traps." Mama was looking out for rich and titled husbands for her girls, to be taken by hook or by crook; and the four beauties were laying their snares, and casting their nets for themselves.

The better to manage this union of combined forces, each played into the other's hands, and each assumed a different character, in order to suit the different men whom they meant to entrap.

There was a *beauté piquante*, a *beauté languisante*, a *brunette spirituelle*, and a sensible, sentimental beauty of the most perfect composure, and just suited to an elderly bachelor, suspicious of the sex, and fancying that he weds mind, and marries for a companion only.

One was provoking a libertine peer on the decline, by a thousand playfulnesses and *agaceries ;* and she appeared to succeed with the old blockhead. The idea of being beloved by a girl of eighteen, and being envied by his nephew, now no longer to be his heir, delighted him ; whilst a title, a superb equipage, and to lead the *haut ton*, suited the young lady's ambition to a nicety.

The *beauté languisante* had cast her net

over a rattle-brained minor. For him she heaved melting sighs. Five years older than himself, she was a professor in the art of love; and the rich young squire had no more chance with her, than a school-boy caught in a gin, for robbing an orchard, or a depredator after having drawn the trigger of a spring gun.

The *brunette spirituelle*, angled for a *savant*, a travelled man, and, by divers artifices, circumvented his heart. The eccentric, titled book-worm, was entangled like a fly in a cobweb, in the light but overpowering sallies of her wit, and by the still more dangerous artillery of her eyes.

The last character was by way of what would make a good and prudent wife. She cast about her shafts a little at random; but had an old bachelor nabob most particularly in view.

Each praised the other to the lover of her sister, and told such little secrets as favoured her sister's interest; whilst mama

sat at the helm and directed the plan of operations. The sorcery of Calypso was scarcely more dangerous than this combination of operations and union of effect. "Poor, simple man," quoth I to myself; "how vainly do you boast of your knowledge of women and the world! How easily would such fascinations and witchcraft deceive the most of ye! Here is the tender, the playful, the sage, the fond, the useful, and the fair, all played off to the very best advantage. These young ladies could even affect to be rivals when the case demanded. Talk of an ambuscade, or a masked battery, a feint or a false attack,—why, they are all nothing to such manœuvres. Vauban himself would be circumvallated by such bewitching and dangerous allies.

Ere the morning broke, I perceived the peer hobble off, caught in the chains of the *beauté piquante.* The minor was also taken by stratagem, and left the saloon arm in arm with his enchantress. Mama and

daughter had both of them the book-worm in tow, and he appeared to be deeply smitten. The fourth beauty was playing at longer balls with the nabob, and appeared to be advancing momentarily in the siege.

If these are not "Man Traps," I know not what further snares beauty and attraction, cunning and coquetry, can produce. But the fact is, that we find "Man Traps" in every stage of life, from the boarding school to the drawing room, and from thence to humbler scenes: we have them in the Park and in our public walks: at the theatres and at our public amusements, at balls and card parties, at watering places and in all centres of fashion. Wherever beauty and ambition are to be met with, these traps exist. One may angle for a title, and another for the empire of hearts. Some may cast a snare for a fortune, and others merely for a husband. But whatever the motive may be, the trap exists; and it requires a long head and a stout

heart, to resist the fascination and to avoid the snare; at least they have sometimes very nearly entangled me, not only as a Hermit in London, but even as a

HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

N° V.

WATERING PLACES.

As mendicants, whose business 'tis to roam,
Make every parish but their own their home.

COWPER

WATERING PLACES.

I HAVE often wondered how so many rational beings should, at the close of summer, or rather in the autumn, when cold mornings and evenings, short days, uncertain suns and varying weather, present to us an awful, yet useful picture of life's vicissitudes, and man's decline, quit their comfortable homes and fire-sides, their well aired apartments, and weather-proof mansions, for inconvenient, narrow, sea-bathing quarters; for boxes run up in a few weeks, cold, damp, and paltry; facing perhaps a barren rock, or commanding the angry

world of waters, swelled with the equinoctial gale, and too often exhibiting a wreck, or a vessel in distress. Yet we find crowds of people, who are willing to pay dearly for these bad lodgings, which let so high, that they ought to be let alone, and who prefer a promiscuous quizzing ball, a circulating library, and very mixed society, to the elegant parties of high fashion, the haunts of science, and the intellectual pleasures which may at all times be found in the capital.

It may be alledged that people go in search of health, to such places, or to relax from the laborious duties of their profession. Very few, I must reply; for how ridiculous it would be to prefer October to June, if such were really the case; or to chuse such an adjournment of London, rather than the retreat of some cottage, or Tusculum, situated in a thousand lovely places of retirement, in almost every county round about town, there to lead a regular retired life,

instead of racketing about, as our bathers and water-drinkers do, as if in the fear that the bracing quality of the bath, or the physical operation of the waters should do them too much good. Some go merely for a few days, as if there were something miraculous in old ocean, which to touch or to see, would be quite sufficient.

The fact is, that they go for fashion's sake, and to see the company. A prig of a compter coxcomb can get a nearer peep at the King at Brighton, than in London; and, on his return, he talks of what he has heard and seen, as if he ever could, by any accident whatever, approach his Majesty.

A pert Miss, whose Pa keeps a shop in Bishopgate without, or Bishopgate within, torments him until he takes her to Brighton, or Bognor; to Ramsgate, or Southend for a month, in order to pick up the summer fashions, to see the bathing quality, and to learn to ape her betters; to accomplish all

which, Pa goes down by the stage weekly, puts himself to vast flurry and expence, and then asks on a Monday morning, if he does not look quite rosy and charming, and if the sea *hair as* not gived him a new lease of his life. During all these absences, his business suffers, his head clerk cheats him, and, in his solitude at home, he takes a fancy to Hester, the house-maid, whilst she is tying his shoe-strings, which his protuberance in front prevents him from doing himself, or giving a fashionable knot, not very unlike a turn off to his cravat.

Ma'am Moneyflush, too, finds Kilburn or Kennington not stylish enough for the autumn; and the profits of the warehouse being sufficiently ample, she must breathe the Brighton sea-breeze, astonish the Steyne by her overdressing, and perhaps return with a gallant, in imitation of high life; or Miss Clarissar, her daughter, get run away with by some adventurer.

There are, however, two characters who

may visit a watering place with some profit; namely, the invalid and the observer. Many people assume new characters at these places. The soap-boiler's wife and daughter must be as little like their natural cast in society as possible; the travelling linen-draper must sink the shop; the illiterate fortune-hunter must strive to be the polished man of fashion; and the crafty Greek must play the rake and spendthrift, in order to excite the sympathies of such characters, and obtain confidence from the fancied congeniality between them, till the favorable moment for springing on his game arrive.

To describe the many suitors who come from the western shore, and who are always desperately in love, would fill whole pages. They bring down their bird occasionally, with a long bow, unless something unfavourable be brought down by the post, in which case, they themselves are off like a shot. At these places, in the game season,

many a losing game is played; and the alderman learns, like his betters, that "toujours perdrix," is not the thing for a man of *bon gout*. Thus having washed off the dust of the city, he not unfrequently forms some acquaintance, who in the winter gets so much in his books, that he is obliged to get out of them by white-washing.

Thus is the book of man every where to be perused,—at court, in the senate, in the high circles of the west, in the city, the exchange, the counting-house, and bathing place; every where there is abundance of matter for the reflective and observing man, whether he be a Hermit in London, or a

HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

N° VI.

DANGEROUS CONNECTIONS.

Our very wishes give us not our wish.

YOUNG

DANGEROUS CONNECTIONS.

"WHAT a sameness does a watering place present to us," said I to myself, as I wandered along the sea-beach at one of the places I have been abusing, (I will not say of Brighton, of Margate, of Ramsgate or elsewhere, lest I touch upon identities, which I have sworn to respect.) "What a sameness!" I repeated again. "Town belles and beaux, sickly bathers, sharks and plunderers as varied and as numerous on shore, as the destroying inhabitants of the briny deep. Why not slip over to the other coast? There, variety at least will exist,—another

people, other habits, different localities and a foreign language. *Allons!*—and no sooner said than done.

I will say nothing of a packet-boat: the subject is worn out. There was a motley crew on board, foreign and domestic, sick and well. The breeze being a little stiff almost every one retreated below, but two leading characters still kept the deck—a very fascinating looking woman, and a man in the prime of life, both, evidently of the first circle. Their carriage was on board, (a travelling one without armorial distinctions;) and they had one attendant, a foreigner, who seemed just hired. There was, moreover, an air of mystery, in the *tout ensemble* of the couple.

I eyed them attentively, as they passed me to take their station on deck, which they did with an inclination of the head, and a placid smile which means nothing but the small change of *bien-seance* given more to show superior breeding than as a

signal of respect, or an advance towards better acquaintance. I received it as it was meant, giving it the full credit which it deserved. I made place for the lady, and edged away, without seeming to avoid them; for warm and intelligent looks, an anxiety at variance with ease, some tinge of melancholy, and an uncertain something almost indescribable, told me that they wished to be alone.

The countenance of the lady expressed distinction and high attraction, strongly marked with restlessness and passion, much voluptuousness in the lip, and in the fire-flash of the eye, with some pride and great powers of enchantment. That of the cavalier was the image of a soul divided by a conflict of feeling, much of devotion and of desire towards the object before him, but not a little of dejection, of disappointment, and almost of dismay. His *maintien*, or bearing towards her, seemed full of constraint; whilst the half extinguished

fire of love beamed in his eye. His attitude bespoke a leaning towards her; but as he struggled at a fond smile, honest nature betrayed him, and turned it almost into a reproach.

How singular! how strange! he kept his eyes fixed upon her, and seemed to fear lest they should stray one moment. Hers met his, by turns with tenderness and with impetuosity. Jealousy too had some part in their expression; yet who to be jealous of? They were alone,—aye; but there might be some absent rival, some powerful competitor within the breast, some divided thought, some feeling not wholly expressed. She looked fondly, suspiciously, imperiously on him.

"You will be a great deal better on deck than below," were the first words which I heard him utter, whilst he wrapped her up in his box coat, with an air of assiduous love, more anxious to please, than confident of succeeding; or rather, I should

say, fearful lest he should be wanting in any, the most minute and delicate attention; in the very smallest link of those preventing cares, solicitudes and tendernesses which leave not a wish to the object whom we make " the goddess of our idolatry."—— " These are not man and wife!" thought I: " no; not even in the honeymoon;" for there is none of that discoverable confidence, that boundless security and ease which mark two hearts newly linked in Hymen's bands.

At this moment she took off her glove, and discovered a wedding ring. Yet I changed not my opinion.—He tried to look fondly on her. He failed in the attempt. Art and gravity both mingled in the look. She met it with an arch smile, half overpowering and enslaving, half discontented and reproving, which meant, " You do not love me; or, loving me, you do not respect me."

He now trifled about the collar of the coat, and seemed occupied in preserving

her from cold. He next pressed her hand in his; then putting it to his bosom, he met her eyes, and let his drop upon the ground. She smiled mournfully, shook her head, unconsciously blushed, looked proud, as if to command at once, love and nature. But what was the language of those looks and gestures? I read them in a moment: they conveyed these words:—"May I depend upon you? Can I always trust to the empire of these charms? Will you never change? Never quit me? Never despise me? What have we done?" Alas! I saw in the countenance of the lover that her reliance was unsafe, that the torch of love was twinkling, that esteem was not his to give: he looked back, and it was too late.

He now spoke to her in French, and used the terms, *tu* and *toi*, the privilege of lovers, or of wedded pairs in hours of privacy. It was not difficult to see, that they were of the first class; but I easily perceived that they were not merely lovers

linked in illicit chains, to which time and amiable dispositions may give permanency and security: they were divided by other ties, which broke in upon the delirium of enjoyment, and mingled thorns with the roses round their pillow. One or both had not a hand to give.

I now attentively considered the cavalier. His was not a countenance to betray: there was all the voluptuary, but nothing of the seducer in it: he seemed like one who could wander, unguardedly, into the mazes of error, but who would stop abruptly, and convulsively at crime. Alas! how nearly allied they are! He looked like one who could violate a sacred duty; yet who could weep at giving another bosom pain—one who could sin and repent, stray and return, yield to guilty pleasure, yet be miserable in its fullest fruition.

I now turned my examining looks on the beautiful woman. Her features told a different story; she could deviate from the one

path; her heart could upbraid her; yet passion and pride could silence that heart, and she could sooner hug despair, than stoop to penance and humiliation.—At this moment, her lover quitted her for a moment, and entered into a brief, common-place, desultory colloquy of a few seconds with me. He was doubly assiduous to his companion when he returned; she upbraided him, nevertheless, with want of kindness.

The weather got fairer, the passengers came on deck, and a lovely little child frolicked about, and was in danger of falling. The cavalier caught it up in his arms with paternal care; and, looking his whole soul upon it, pressed it to his bosom, whilst a tear obtruded itself in his eye-lid. He was evidently a father; yet this child belonged not to him. His mistress put it away, and addressed him in a reproachful whisper; whilst her cheek crimsoned with displeasure.

We were near the French coast; and I

was glad of it. I felt for both my companions; but could offer no relief. Now arrived the sharks from the opposite side,—waiters bearing cards of address, and boatmen practising their usual impositions. I saluted the couple in question, as well as the rest of my companions,—was hustled and almost pulled to pieces by the contending rivalry in cheating, of different boatmen,—and was handed up to the custom-house by *armed douaniers* and followed by *gens d'armes* and a police officer,—the first pictures of slavery which presented themselves to my view.

I had now to unveil the mysterious couple. The event proved that I was right in my conjectures. The cavalier had eloped with a married woman. She had no family; he had several children. She seemed firm in her aberration from duty; yet dissatisfied with herself: his heart was tortured by various lacerated ties, and remembrances; but the die was cast, they

had passed the channel, and already was *mala fama* busy with their names. Had they obtained the object of their wishes? I will not answer the question.—Did they dread exposure? Not so much as the busy monitor within. They were going to Florence, a long journey. It will not be all sunshine on the way. Fare ye well, weak and guilty ones! your cup of felicity is nearly drank out; and there remains little but the bitter dregs of gilded misery for you. A wise invisible hand has planted thorns around your rosy pillow. Time will blast all that bloomed in promise for you: when the veil of witchcraft is withdrawn from before your eyes, when the delusion which enchanted and misled you shall be no more, then, alas! will ye realize all the sad anticipations which have been awakened for ye, in the bosom of

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

N° VII.

A BRITON ABROAD.

Care selve beate,
E voi solinghi e taciturni horrori,
Di riposo e di pace alberghi veri—
O quanto volontieri,
A rivederne i' torno.

PASTOR FIDO.

Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee.

GOLDSMITH.

A BRITON ABROAD.

Of the host of English who are now spread over France, and Italy, how very few honestly state the motives for their absence from their own country! how very few also reap the benefit which they proposed to themselves from their tour! but above all things, how impossible it is for a true Briton to find that happiness in quest of which we are running all our lives, in any spot except in Great Britain! The scene may be finer, the sky more serene; a sunnier prospect, richer views, the stately edifices of Rome, and the venerable ruins

of antiquity may delight the eye, but they enter not into the heart. A delightful climate may even contribute to restore declining health; but the want of content and comfort, undo every other advantage which we may gain.

From the moment that a man quits the British shores, he may bid adieu to comfort. Its place may be supplied by luxuries, but its true essence exists not on the continent; and without it true happiness cannot be obtained.

Unless an Englishman go abroad in his very earliest youth, he will never assimilate himself to a foreign country, and therefore, never enjoy its advantages; for which reason, the moment his curiosity is satisfied by contemplating novelties, his mind becomes uneasy, and his affections point to home. Even if his native land be wild, mountainous, dreary or unfertile, it seems fairer to him than all around him. To love a country we must take an interest in it; and

what interest can a man take in the soil and government of strangers? What localities, what neighbours, what county-concerns can have any share in his mind? At home every locality—all that is connected with birth-place is dear to us—abroad it is otherwise.

I hold it moreover as certain that the constitution of the mind of a true Briton cannot be tranquil and sane, where he breathes not the air of freedom. He feels an unceasing constraint in a country whose government is dissimilar from his own; he cannot breathe freely in a land of slavery and servitude. Nor is he viewed by a less jealous eye than that with which he regards the inhabitants amongst whom he is placed: though he live ever so long amongst them, his heart and his habits will still be foreign to theirs.—

It is not the swallowing a little game and rich fruit at a low price, or quaffing the most delicious juice of the grape, that will

feed the patriot's mind, or nourish the heart of affection separated, but not divorced, from home, from freedom and from numberless enchanting associations and tender ties. Though the softest music come over the ravished senses, though the most romantic views sooth the fervid imagination, the moments of enjoyment are few, and they are succeeded by involuntary melancholy, and that mental languor which is like the nervous debility and listless uneasiness, which follow intoxication or any other excess; because the mind is unsatisfied, and we feel neither secure nor independent, two desiderata, without which, life to a true Briton is but mere existence. Nay, we fall into these distrustful feelings often imperceptibly, or in spite of the most arduous struggles to combat them.

The strongest proof of this is, that we find Englishmen abroad, who have flown from prisons and punishment at home, still casting the "longing lingering look behind;" we meet

with lovers eloped, who might be supposed to be strewing flowers o'er the paths of enjoyment, yet who are pillowed on thorns, and who become cold, complaining, and home-sick.

The greater part of these, as well as our ruined rakes, and those of faded reputation, are indeed insincere enough to deny this position, and will even extol the French or Italian manners, climate, productions, and society to the skies; but their conduct gives the lie to their assertions. They herd together, they fly from place to place, if they can find money for travelling, or walk about their *ennui*, and *tædium vitæ* in the same spot of which they are heartily tired; and they keep English hours, English company, and follow English dissipation, in the midst of a sober, frugal people, whose customs and lives resemble them in nothing. Hence arises a further alienation betwixt the Briton and the foreigner.

See an Englishman take up a London

newspaper; mark his elate air, and sparkling eye; observe the interest of every line in his countenance! place a foreign journal before him; every feature changes; all is calm tepidity, or total blank. Observe the greater part of our countrymen in their solitary walk; the very emblems of melancholy are not duller than they. The Frenchman smiles at them: he affects to pity their spleen. See how nimbly, how pertly he trips by them, because the soil is his own.

Enter into conversation with your countryman: he will complain of the oppressive taxes of England, and of the price of provisions: he will extol the wines of France, perhaps praise the French cookery (although most of our countrymen prefer their own); he will find fault with the times, and pass strictures on our corruption. But what does all this amount to? It shows that he is forced to go abroad in spite of himself, or that having come from curiosity, or for the education of his children, he is dissatisfied, yet

thinks that the abuse of home may serve as an apology for his quitting it.

To go abroad in quest of science, or for any other noble end is praiseworthy; but to reside altogether from home, argues some baseness, criminality, or imprudence.

It cannot be denied that there are an immense number of disadvantages attendant on an Englishman abroad, which must embitter his moments. He is a stranger, and is treated as such by every one; he pays a different price from the native, for almost every article of life: he is served without interest, and rather tolerated, than received into the nation amongst which he lives: by many he is considered as an enemy; and by all he is suspected to live abroad, because he cannot live at home. This tends to diminish the respect of the foreigner, until there is a complete feeling of separation between ourselves and him.

In a tour through France and Flanders,

the prodigious number of unhappy looking English people whom I met astonished me; whilst those who put on an artificial appearance of gaiety were living in an unceasing round of expence and dissipation, ill suited to their circumstances, and ill calculated to calm the mind; for it is not the giddy dance, or the midnight orgies, which can confer rational pleasure on man, in whatsoever country they may be pursued. Abroad we seem like wandering visitors, or half welcome guests; whilst at home our interest and participation in the scenes of life are continual. At home a man necessarily holds a rank, either in a public or private view; his circle is composed of friends and relations; patriots and free-men; his town or county has a share in him, or his talents and exertions are the property of his country at large. Abroad he is a cypher, often a dupe, sometimes a laughing stock, or caricature subject. Whom does he associate with amongst

his countrymen? with men of doubtful character, reduced gentlemen, plundered pigeons, or degraded emigrants; yet will he put up with any thing for society's sake, and to drive away care; or if he make choice of seclusion, how low spirited, how peevish does he turn!

The fact is, that the Englishman residing abroad is not the patriot, the statesman, the honour of his county, or the example of his town,—neither the man of talent, of erudition, nor of useful life—and it is not difficult to judge of such a man's character by the fault which he finds with home, and the excuses and deceit which form the apology for his migration. Independent of all these considerations, there is a sacred duty imposed upon every man to support, to uphold, and to form part with his native land; and as we never can be completely happy in the dereliction of our duties, it naturally occurs that the emigrant is dissa-

tisfied alike with the home on which he turns his back, and with the country of his adoption, which possesses not its properties, and which, therefore, never can be a home to him; and, though last not least, with himself, condemned as he is, by folly or culpability, to exile for a great portion of life.

A thousand other observations might be made on the infelicity of the Englishman abroad; but I trust that the few already made will render any more useless, and will tend to cure the mania of living in France; at the same time that they will serve as lessons of prudence to those who, exceeding whilst there their means at home, first commit an injustice on society, and then instead of repairing it by industry or retrenchments, banish themselves for a valuable period of life, and squander the remnant of their extravagance in a foreign land, consigning their creditors to misery, and debasing our national character in the

eyes of strangers.——For my part, it is the proudest object of my ambition, that my lucubrations, whether the subjects of them arise out of town or country, shall still be those of

A HERMIT IN HIS NATIVE COUNTRY.

Nº VIII.

ALL MANKIND ARE BROTHERS.

Oui, le titre de frere est un noeud si sacre
Qu'en osant le briser, au ciel on fait injure,
Un frere est un ami donné par la nature.

MORT d'ABEL.

ALL MANKIND ARE BROTHERS.

THE sky was serene, the sun was high, and the whole scene was so unclouded and peaceful, that scarcely a breeze ruffled the foliage of the trees, as I took a musing stroll in the wildest and remotest part of the province of Brittany, where I had gone on business, after sojourning for some time in Lower Normandy. My prospect was bounded by a lofty hill, which terminated the landscape on one side, and which was gilded over by the solar beams. A picturesque valley lay before me on the other.

This was a scene and a season fit for meditation. I looked around, and seemed alone upon the earth. I reflected that I was far from home; and a gentle feeling of melancholy pervaded every fibre of my frame.—"I am in a strange land," said I to myself, "in a place where my appearance draws the curious eye, when I visit the haunts of men; the inhabitants of these parts are rough and uncultivated beings; their language is foreign to mine; their provincial tongue is rude and barbarous, differing in every thing from the dweller in polished cities; but I am now a solitary in a smiling desert."

"Well," continued I, "but this same cheering orb of day illumines my native land as well as this distant scenery; the same light blue cloudless canopy is now stretched over dear Albion; the children of each country, sleep tranquilly under it; the same day-star lights them through the hours of day; the same starry vault curtains them at night! From

this mass of clay," continued I, striking the ground with my cane, "are we all sprung: and on the same pillow of turf do we all look forward to lay our head, when life's eventful dream is o'er. We are therefore all brothers; and there is an all-seeing Eye which watches equally over us; under which we live, and to which we ought to refer all our actions, our hopes, and fears, our orisons, our love. What signify then the boundaries of countries? they cannot disunite the great family of Man; they are but the short stages to a purer scene. Yes, all men are brothers, equals, and friends!"

A sloping bank enamelled with primroses, now invited me to rest. It was the mute language of nature which offered me repose upon a velvet couch made by no human hand. It seemed like an outstretched arm to the weary wanderer of the valley. I threw myself, as it were, on the kind bosom of nature, and I felt all my affections flying outwards. I could have kissed the earth; I could have hailed the umbrageous trees;

for I felt how bountiful the Creator, is to that poor, frail creature, man. I was happy, yet was I sad. I was admiring, yet full of awe. The landscape was smiling, yet it drew a tear from me. Was it love, gratitude, or the melancholy attendant on reflection? was it, partly, all? I know not; but I leave it and all my imperfections to the sentimental reader.

At this moment, I heard the tinkling of a bell; and I beheld the fleecy flock ascend the precipice, with a degree of scenic effect. There was absolutely majesty in their march. The little lambs gamboled, and frisked it by their mother's side, pourtraying innocence and love, duty, and the unbroken laws of nature. They all filed past me unheeding, nor would I have startled the little innocents on any consideration.

Wild music now met my ear—it was the shepherd's pipe (*la musette*). He played not to an applauding circle of men, but to his favorite flock; and they appeared more

peaceful and secure, under his guidance and beguiling notes. There really was a *je ne sais quoi* of simplicity, of primitive pastoral life, which enchanted me in this rencontre.

I invited the shepherd to sit down beside me, and to continue his rustic harmony. He obeyed; I offered him my snuff-box, and I divided a cold fowl and a biscuit with him. He accepted them with friendly confidence, but with infinite humility. He played a number of tunes, which brought Highland music to my mind, and convinced me that pastoral life is every where the same; that the inhabitants of the mountains are all doubly brothers; brothers by the tie of nature, and brothers from the associations of scenery, of habit, and of heart.

My regard for this mountaineer was increasing every moment. In his breaking bread with me, there was something singularly impressive. He joined his thumb to mine, dividing it energetically, and fairly like a brother; then waved his hand in

sign of thanksgiving, and lifted a cap composed of goat's-skin, off his head, in token of respect. He was also clad in leather. Thou art a Highlander, said I to myself, feeling a confidence *à la vie, à la mort*, in him. He now presented me with a quantity of cowslips and primroses, and beckoned to him a pet lamb, with which he played, and which he made to fondle upon me.

After telegraphing a friendly conversation for a long time together, the declining sun warned us to separate, and conveyed, at the same time, a sager lesson to the mind. It showed us that as it goes down in the horizon, so declineth man: bending his journey toward mother earth, he disappears, and his shining amongst men is forgotten; his place is vacant, but in a few brief hours he is scarcely missed; yet hope promises his rise in purer and happier climes, else all is gloom and "darkness visible" indeed.

I put out my hand, to press that of the *bas Breton;* but previous to accepting it he kissed his own. This too is a mark of affection and respect, in the humblest Highlanders. I shook his hand with sincerity; I quitted it with regret, for I felt the relationship, the intelligence of affection between us. Thrice did he bow to me respectfully, as I gained the summit of the hill; nor can I help acknowledging that as I descended it on the other side, the idea of losing sight of him created a sentiment not wholly free from pain. Thus do we meet in life; but when we part, alas! we know not whether it be for time or eternity.

The sound of his pipe now lessened on my ear; and although it cheated my footsteps of fatigue, it heightened my regrets, as I gained the adjacent village.

Nor did my regard for Brittany terminate here. In a residence of some weeks in her wildest scenery, I became friendly and familiar with all ranks. They receiv-

ed me with kindness; they treated me with hospitality of a very fraternal kind; they honored me with marked distinction and consideration; and they parted with me with strong demonstrations of regret.

Often when oppressed with care, when weary of the busy scenes of life, I retired to my closet, or set out on a solitary walk, in order to indulge in the tranquil reminiscences of Brittany, and of its inhabitants, in order to bring back to my mind's eye, the shepherd and his flock, the pipe, the primroses, the pet lamb, and the flowery bank on which I lay. The retrospect never ceases to administer a soothing balm to my wounded mind; the associations connected with these circumstances never fail to inspire me with lively feelings of philanthropy and brotherhood; the votive prayer for the shepherd's prosperity, and for that of his flock, swells in my heart, though it passes not my lips; and I am thereby convinced that although ambition may arm

man against man ; though pride and avarice, madness and revenge, may sever the bonds of humanity, may imbrue the hands of a brother in a brother's blood, these grosser passions cannot destroy the work of nature, let them do what they will.—The human race must still be dear to the observer of human nature ; and hence, in all his wanderings, its varieties afford food, and subject, to

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

N.º XI.

AMOR PATRIÆ.

———————A wide domain,
And rich the soil, had purple heath been grain.

LEYDEN.

SCOTTISH AMOR PATRIÆ

THE independent spirit of the Caledonian never allows him to be a burthen to his family, or an unproductive inhabitant of the soil. For this reason is he frequently self banished to the remotest quarters of the globe. The proportion of Scotchmen in the East and West Indies, in America, and on the continent, greatly surpasses that of England, or even Ireland, when we take into our calculation the population of these countries. In the army and in the navy the proportion is equally considerable; but this, as well as emigration, arises from that real

amor patriæ and duty towards family, which sharpens the endeavour, and nerves the arm to endure any hardships or perils, in order to acquire a competency, and to assist aged and unprovided relations, as well as with the view of returning, one day or other, to the *natale solum*, there to spend the well earned price of honorable labour, and there in credit and consideration, to close this earthly career.

The mind of the Caledonian is peculiarly active,—a calmness of reason, a coolness in difficulties, temperance, privation, self-controul and patience strongly characterize him. These are quite national qualities. He has also another very useful virtue, which his enemies misrepresent and deem servility, namely, a praiseworthy submission to circumstances, which makes him preserve discipline, order, and subordination with fortitude and without mumuring: but if he observe a profound silence, a tame resignation to fate or fortune, it is not that his mind

is groveling, but that true wisdom dictates such conduct: no man is possessed of a firmer sense of feeling, of honor, and of honest and noble indignation, than he; but he well knows that discipline is as essential as valour, in arms; and that obedience and subordination in every walk of life are as indispensable as his other high qualities of incorruptible fidelity, and indefatigable industry.

By these means do we so often see him rise to the head of his profession; and in commerce, become a partner in that house where he had served, frequently in the most humble capacity. 'Tis not to intrigue, (the true Caledonian is ill fitted for that) but to this steady line of conduct, that he owes his rise and advancement in life; for an employer of any kind, a commander, or a commercial man, will naturally feel safe in promoting and confiding in one whose prudent guidance of his passions, whose temperate use of power, whose studious and persever-

ing habits fit him for arduous exertion, and render him trust-worthy in situations of high confidence; in so much, that even those who entertain a prejudice against his country, are won and converted by his habits and deserts.

Having said thus much of his steadiness and placidity, it may appear odd and contradictory to assert that in one respect, he possesses a very opposite quality, namely, a restlessness of mind, the truth of which the following story will clearly illustrate.

Whilst I was in France, I became acquainted with a worthy old Caledonian, who had been absent from home for thirty years. Trained from his infancy to the noble profession of arms, he had been bandied about in the four quarters of the globe, gathering laurels and bleeding for his country, until the short peace of Amiens, when a desire to revisit France, where he had been educated, induced him to disembark on her shores. The ill faith and perfidy of

the government detained him as a hostage, until liberated by the conquering arms of the allied powers, when, however, he was so ill in health that he could not be removed. In a few short months, war broke out again; and he again drew his sword for the honour of his country.

During this very long lapse of time, every relative whom he had in the world, was swept off from the stage of life, either by the destroying hand of war, by sickness, or by old age; and as this worthy man had given up his share of inheritance to an aged mother, and to advance his numerous brethren in their professions, he found himself alone on earth, and without any other provision but the hard-earned half-pay on which he had reluctantly retired.

In his language and appearance he had also become a complete foreigner, and he had no intercourse direct or indirect with the Highlands, his native place; no share

of property therein, no apparent cause for interest in it. He had formed many friendships, from his earliest childhood, to the present date in France, and was very highly considered there, and much courted by the people among whom he seemed a complete fixture; living in the south with so much order and economy, that his small pittance procured him the luxuries of life, and gratified every wish in a mind naturally prudent and moderate; nor was his heart a stranger to a tender impulse; but the refinement of honor forbad him to ally to his poverty her whom he loved, and to run the risk of ushering into life a numerous and portionless brood, the fair object of his affection being completely dependent on her family. This circumstance, probably, tinged his mind with a little melancholy, and increased his studious turn, in pursuing which he acquired no common share of science and information. A strong mind and a wholesome

philosophy in time enabled him to surmount his feelings, and produced a calm after the first love fever of the brain.'

Age now came on apace, chilling the ardor of departed youth; prudence and self knowledge taught him that he was no longer an amatory subject; thus making celibacy not only supportable, but even desirable. He had therefore every thing to make life happy; tranquil habits, the treasure of knowledge, mental enjoyments, self esteem, the respect of others, a good constitution, morality, and a competency in a cheap and fruitful country, whose climate and features far transcended those of cold and wild Caledonia. Yet was he ever restless and uneasy. This restlessness and discontent, moreover, increased with his years; and at last he fretted himself into ill health and habitual melancholy.

Attached to him by his merit, his kindness and his urbanity, I felt anxious to remove his complaint, and to " pluck from

the memory a rooted sorrow." I accordingly touched as delicately as possible on his situation, and made an unqualified offer of service. He seemed backward, nay almost ashamed to state his case. At last he confessed that he was home-sick, and that although he had no family, no relations, and no home, his heart was in his native hills, and he could not be easy without revisiting them. This uneasiness gained ground daily, and was the more destructive, because he had a very unpromising prospect of indulging this irresistible *besoin du cœur*.

"These sun-shine views," said he to me one day, "are too fine for me: they are like the gaudy trappings of a courtly dame which we admire without taking an interest in; far dearer to me would be the sterility of the land of the Gael, my rugged rocks, sharp precipices, lone glens, and homely whins. Could I climb my native mountain, I think that I should breathe new life; I

cannot bear the idea of falling in a foreign land, instead of laying me down on the blooming heather, during the brief remnant of my fading existence, and of taking up my narrow bed there at its close!" Whenever he could speak of Scotland, the crimson of his cheek increased; whenever he took up his Burns or Ossian, tears fell from his eyes; for with all this love of country, the distance of eight hundred miles, and the scanty means of his retrenchments from half-pay, threw powerful obstacles in the way of his wishes.

I lost not a moment in offering him a place in my carriage to London; and he lost not a moment to embark for Leith.

Arrived there, he set out on foot with an old Highland veteran, who had served in many campaigns with him, and whom he found by accident. He arrived safely in the land of heather; and although some of his reminiscences must have been mingled with regretful sorrow, "*Vincit amor patriæ.*" The comfort of treading his

native land, preponderated. His *maladie du païs*, is cured ; and he promises to live to a good patriarchal age, and to be gathered to his forefathers, at the close of a long and honourable life.

THE BANKS OF THE SPEY.

A soldier of fortune, wi' naething but youth,
A sword and a heart fu' of spirit and truth,
'Twixt glory and love scarcely daring to chuse,
My country first ca'd me, I could nae refuse.
Yet I lingered sair hearted— for ah! I was wae
To leave the green Banks o' the sweet flowing Spey.

My knapsack was empty, my bosom was fu',
My love for my Jennie was constant and true :
And I swore that for ever as pure it should be
As the clear crystal drops which fell fast frae her ee ;
For Jennie was greeting, whilst mither did pray,
When I tore mysel' aff, frae the Banks of the Spey.

Midst perils unnumber'd and rough paths to fame,
I toil'd, after longing for Jenny and hame.
Yet, Jennie, I surely unworthy shu'd be
Were I fauss to my king, to my country, or thee!
With this thought my warm bosom no fear could
betray,
Could I live, and disgrace thus the Banks of the
Spey.

Return'd to my country, arriv'd from afar,
I've brought back my honor wi' many a scar,
As poor as I went, but my wants are but few,
For riches wi' honor hae naething to do.
Oh! ye pow'rs, wi' what raptures once mair did I
stray,
On the sweet daisied Banks o' my dear native Spey.

I found my ain Jennie as tender and kind,
As when I first left the dear lassie behind.
She's now a' the treasure and joy o' my life,
My mistress, my friend, and my bonnie wee wife;
And we hope we shall aft see our bairns at play
In their infant years, on the honored banks o' the
Spey.

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

N° X.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS, AND OLD FRIENDSHIPS.

Some souls by influence sympathetic
By intuition most prophetic,
With feelings which they cannot smother,
Leap at first glance into each other.

CANNING.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS AND OLD FRIENDSHIPS

IT has been long a matter of opinion, whether first impressions, or a continuous feeling of affection and regard have the most powerful influence on the heart and mind. Youth and impetuous passion favor the former; reason and experience lean to the latter; yet is there much to be said on both sides.—

The agency of the passions, the effect of perceptions, the attraction of external objects, form a huge phalanx on the side of first impressions; nor can we, at any age, or almost under any circumstances, rid

ourselves entirely of their influence. It would be even painful to do so, although it be often dangerous to yield to them altogether.—

Seldom, indeed, do friendships exist, and never a tenderer tie, where all external agency is repulsive and alarming; where beauty and symmetry are wholly absent, and where the fascinations of manner and of attraction exist not. It has, however, occurred that acquaintance commenced under unpromising circumstances, has proceeded into intimacy; and that intimacy ripened into such regard, that the charms of the mind, or the prevalence of talent, have preponderated over the evil impression of the first rencontre; and that worth and services have purchased the price of affection, which a rugged exterior, and unpleasing manner had at first sight repelled.

This oftener occurs in social intercourse betwixt males than females: for the delicacy of the latter is sooner offended than the

balancing and examining nature of man. Asperity of manner and uncomeliness of person soon put the loves and graces to flight; whilst time and patience, charity and endurance, betwixt men, may produce the drawing out of a jewel from a very rough casket; and earn a lasting friend, who, unhewn and sturdy as the rock, is difficult to be worked upon, but once gained, is immovable until his fall.

In exception to this rule we find, that a series of years, a life of devotion, a long and strong siege of assiduous attentions, have allied the rose to the coarse bramble, and have won beauty to the plainest mate. These exceptions are, however, rare, and not precisely connected with the object of the present inquiry.

It most commonly occurs, that first impression is imperious in its sway. It is obliterated with difficulty, and very rarely totally effaced from the mind. The more youthful the subject, the softer is the tex-

ture of the heart: and the first impression, flying and momentary as it may seem, is, nevertheless, very apt to sink deep into the affections. Other impressions may, nay, will succeed; they may be written over those which appear to be worn out; but these successions of objects, like repeated attacks of fever, only tend to debilitate. The first passion is still unextinguished, and although disappointment and disgust follow after each succeeding one, the faded wound, the aching spot of first impression still lurks about the heart; for,

—Once that love's betrayed
The heart can bloom no more.

The effect of first impressions is to dazzle, to surprize, to win, to interest, to prepossess. You are struck by a beauty at a ball; ambition fires you with a desire of procuring her fair hand through the mazes of the dance; admiration feeds on her

charms; pride tells you that you will be envied such a partner; and curiosity whispers a desire to know more of her. The hand is obtained; passion aspires to the heart; youthful sympathies hint strange things, and from the pulse proceeds the fever of the brain. Indiscretion sometimes leaves our affections unguarded, and it is fifty to one, but, under these irresistible circumstances, the charmed admirer falls desperately in love, and is a willing captive, a self-immolated victim, led in golden chains at beauty's car.

The mind, not unfrequently, is in error, on these occasions. A blaze of beauty, like a gleam of light is, sometimes, succeeded by clouds and coldness, gloominess and stormy temper; variability of climate in the passions, want of cultivation in the intellectual part. It is not unfrequently, like a garden of roses choaked up by the weeds of inordinate vanity, and weak imagination. Such vegetative charms must

soon fade; accident or years must bring them to an end; and the winter of such a life is appalling.

In a less violent, but not less effectual way does suavity of manners catch the heart. The eye is charmed with graceful condescension; the ear is soothed with an harmonious voice; our sympathies come into play from a similarity of disposition; our interest is created by novel perfections: our gratitude is awakened by kindly attentions, warm smiles, mild looks, and gentle services; and this fascination is very powerful, very operative indeed, although it be sometimes followed by disappointment and regret.

Hard is it indeed to shield the heart against such attacks. I shall never forget the voice of a certain Lady Anne D——— at a ball. I bore her chains before we were even acquainted: she was masked. I afterwards saw her face: she was far from handsome; but the mischief was done, nor was it until

my heart had ached itself into a kind of torpor, that reason performed my cure. In like manner I shall never lose sight of one lovely woman on the continent, who directed me on my road, and who bid me speed well on life's rough journey. I now see her half expanded rose-bud of a lip; the pearly row which shone through them bright as the stars, the opened eye of kindness and interest, the modest yet warm blush proceeding from surprise at my accosting her, and the finished courtesy of her whole manner —her form full of dignity, her complexion ——no, I shall never cease to love her, go where she may: my friendship, my anxious interest, my warmest wishes for her happiness are with her.

Impressions certainly gild life's picture; they charm or agonize, captivate or affright; our richest sun-shine springs from them. But let us now consider the after subject— the gentler agency of tried friendship, the soothing charm of habit, the security of

experience, the grateful feeling of the mind for pleasures flowing from an unaltered source, grown into maturity and hallowed by time.

There is in friendship, what we find in fine painting, a good keeping, a quietude, a unity, a ripeness. There, the mellower tints of autumn produce more effect than all the high colouring of the noontide scene. There it is enchanting to study and to contemplate, to examine and to pause. There the detail is perfect; whilst in the blaze of more empassioned gazing, the lights overpower, the defects are unperceived, the eye cheats the heart, and the heart cajoles the brain, all is admiration or disgust, extacy or agony.

The loves and graces, winged cupids and ruddy nymphs scatter flowers o'er love's picture; whilst there is more of gravity, more of the picturesque, in that of friendship. Soft, rich, and mellow tints glow over the ruins of time, and sanctify the

scene, which, however, we consider with a fond feeling not free from regret; for "we love, yet we must part," is the moral of it, and breathes in every feature of the piece.

Memory is a faculty of a very serious, as well as of a very sublime nature; and it is the leading characteristic of friendship. Life's picture, without it, is but a feverish dream, a representation full of phantoms and shades, conceits and false colouring: 'tis a mere dramatic scene, an unreal representation, a fleeting shadow or a melting vapour. But friendship is an engraving on the tablets of the mind, which grows richer, and more interesting by time.

Often when, alone, I pass in review the friendships of my youth, the days of childhood, the stages of life through which I have passed with dear, dear friends, some, alas! no more! the remembrance comes over me, "like a western breeze breathing upon a bed of violets;" it cheers and warms

me, representing past pleasures as if present, and making me live my youthful years again; and although a cast of melancholy colours the scene, it is so gentle, so full of charm, that I would not change it for the most exquisite pleasures or enjoyments of life.

On weighing then all the advantages of first impression, and of the charms and delights of habit, I cannot help giving the preference to the latter; and there is no doubt but that we shall find the philosopher and the sage range themselves on this side of the question. To taste perfect bliss, is not the lot of man; but if it be any where to be found, it is when first impressions are borne out, unimpaired, to the end; when enchantment increases with time, and when love mellows into the tenderest friendship, and is sanctified by respected age. The softer sex alone can confer this blessing. To them we must look for such allurement

and continued sway; and no where may we hope to meet these, if they exist not in the British Isles, where sun-bright eyes reflect still brighter minds.

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

N° XI.

THE WIDOW.

——————Like patience on a monument
Smiling at grief.———

TWELFTH NIGHT.

THE WIDOW.

"I DO not think the widow has one franc in the world," said the little boy of the inn where I put up at Calais, to his mother, heaving at the same time a deep sigh. "What makes you think so, Henry?" asked his kind mother. "Why," said the child; "because I saw the postman, nasty fellow! take back a letter which she had not the money to pay for. And she had no breakfast to-day, and no dinner yesterday, for she says that she's not well, and she is best in bed, and that fasting does her good; though I know it don't. Yesterday she took

a dry biscuit with her to the sea-side, and read for two hours; that's a poor dinner, you know," concluded the little fellow, with much feeling and animation. "Take these three francs to her," replied the mother; "and tell her that I want her to taste some soup which I have made for her, merely to know how she likes it." Here the little boy kissed his mother with much warmth: "give her the franc too which the strange gentleman gave me for pocket-money," said he; "and sell the ring we bought at the fair, for her." "Thou art a dear child!" exclaimed I. "Every one," replied he; "loves the widow, except the nasty postman and the lodging-house man, who seized all her clothes for rent: and you'd love her too if you knew her."

I was going to enquire further, when the child flew off, with the four francs, but returned again weeping. "What's the matter, Henry?" said his mother; "Matter enough," replied the child; "the widow won't take

the money, but she says that you may send the soup. She took me in her arms, and embraced me, and her tears fell upon my head. I could kill the post-man, that I could; for who knows whether the letter may not contain money?" "There," said the mother; "there, take those two francs, and get the letter and take it to her." "And, Henry, my dear, come back, and let us know if it does contain any money, and I will give thee a franc for thyself," added I.

He returned a second time more dejected than the first. The letter was a refusal to assist her from a rich and near relation: - "She was rightly served, she was told, for having, in the bloom of life, thrown herself away and married for love, a boy of a midshipman, who with all his wounds and his honors, his scars and his dangers, had never interest enough to get higher than a paltry Lieutenant!" "Perish the hand and heart," said I, "which would dare to brand the noble profession of arms with

such an insulting epithet! Paltry Lieutenant indeed; I wish the writer had dared to tell her husband so, during his life." "And so do I," said my landlady, warmly. "But prithee," continued I: "give me this lady's history, and do me the honor to present me to her." "The first I certainly will do," answered she; "the second depends upon her giving me her permission; for adversity has made her proud, and I would not wound her feelings for all the world." "Nor I either; they ought to be respected; but now to her history."

I detest prolixity myself; and I shall therefore not impose the burden thereof upon my reader. The amount of the lady's story is, in a few words, as follows: She is the widow of as brave a man as ever drew a sword. She had married from mutual love and early attachment, at the time that he was still a midshipman. Great and many were the services which he rendered his country at that period and with that rank

only. Great were his struggles to support his blooming bride from a trifling younger child's portion soon exhausted, and from ill paid prize money, always condemned before it was received. He had, during the brief period of a life, dedicated to love and to his country, gone through every peril, and suffering, which a hard service could produce. He had seen the infant blossom of nuptial promise wither prematurely, and fade away like the blighted hopes of his fortune; at last the effects of a climate undermined his health and strength, and he fell, childless.

Thus left he the partner of his heart, and her who alone soothed him in all the many disappointments of life, and of his profession; leaving moreover some claims of which honor required the fulfilment, and accordingly his widow allotted ten pounds per annum, for life towards them, out of the poor pension of a Lieutenant's widow. Poverty, and the frowns of prosperous proud ones,

made home painful to her; and she fled for an asylum to that country whose flag had been so often humbled by her gallant husband, in concert with his companions. Her situation I have already described; it needs no high colouring; I took the sketch from nature, and it must speak for itself.

I was introduced to the lady, and found her well bred, accomplished, virtuous, reserved. Her person was elegant; and on her features were impressed the strong lines of noble fortitude, sinking, without giving way, bent but not abject, proud but not rebellious; she was dressed in black——— a colour which she had never quitted since the loss of her lamented husband. It was with difficulty that I obtained an interview with her; but the naming a captain of the navy, a relation of mine, served as a passport. She complained not of poverty, nor of the injustice of the world, nor of the neglect of her family, nor even of the oppression which she had met with; but merely delicately

deplored the uncertainty in which strangers were placed abroad, and mentioned the delays of agents, and her anxiety for the arrival of the post: all this she did with a firm, smiling, and almost triumphant countenance, superior to all debasement, and worthy of a better fate; but when she was forced to name her late husband, and her unprotected state, she spoke in a subdued tone, and showed all the softness of her suffering sex. I made my visit short, for it was painful to both of us.

"And have the strong arm, and the stouter heart, fought and bled to leave thee thus?" cried I to myself, as I quitted her; "Had thy faithful mate, who has been rocked by the billows, and cradled on the desolate precipice, no other inheritance to leave thee than this scanty pittance?" Has the widow of him who has been twenty years the servant and the champion of his country, who has been wounded and shipwrecked, who has passed half his days

betwixt the wide heavens and the boundless deep, often without the hopes of hailing land and friends again, and who at last has fallen a victim to unhealthy climates, has she no other retreat in the declining autumn of life, than a foreign country and an insufficient income? Why are not the widows and orphans of our brave seamen and soldiers considered as the wives and children of the state? How could the rich merchant and the powerful capitalist have slept safely on their downy pillows, without the valiant intrepid husbands and fathers of these objects of passive pity? Are there no resources in the state to ameliorate their lot? No retrenchments from the gorgeous banquets of the great? No generous hearts or hands to be intrusted? No feeling bosoms alive to claims like these? Must foreigners and foes either insult them by humiliating pity, or oppress them by unfeeling impositions?—Forbid it humanity!

How I acted, or what I did on this occasion, I leave the reader to interpret as his heart dictates. I blushed then to think, I still regret how little were my means; but I still more deplore the fate of numerous unfortunates in similar situations with the Lieutenant's widow, who, incumbered often with numerous children unprovided for, pine in the garb of gentility, and water a scanty meal with the sad tears of dark and bitter remembrance; comparing the present with the past, and scarcely daring to draw a perspective of the future. These we find, in numbers, on the coasts of Belgium and France, eagerly and savingly endeavouring to make a decent outward show; and to throw the black silk mantle, the mourning of the heart, over the wreck of beauty and respectability which they now represent; prematurely altered in person as much as in circumstances.—Repeated slights, the necessity of keeping up appearances, and the high price of provisions, drive them

from home. They fly to suffer where they are less known, and often close the last sad scene of a checkered life, in a land of strangers.

Let the rich man read this tale, and if it move him not, useless will be the eloquence of homilies, more useless still that gold and treasure for which he must account elsewhere; when time and worldly prosperity will be no more, and when the tears of the orphan and the widow, which he has never dried up, will cease to flow.

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

N XII.

PREJUDICES.

Whatever word you chance to drop
The travell'd fool your mouth will stop
With, Sir, if my judgment you'll allow,
I've seen, and sure I ought to know

MERRICK.

Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic incredulus odi.

HOR.

PREJUDICES.

WERE truth our constant guide we should not only be wiser and happier, but we should escape a thousand difficulties, and make our journey through life more easy by far than we find it at present. Such, however, is man's love for exaggeration and invention, that the simplest tale is amplified into the marvellous; and what ought to be plain sailing down the stream of time, is metamorphosed into a perilous voyage to the moon; or the wonderful narrative of a traveller's waking dream. Whence come these preposterous things? From pride:—we wish ourselves to be more

than we are; we wish to make others less than they are. The traveller expects to astound every one on his return from abroad; and finds simple matter of fact quite unequal to his purpose.

Again, in order to take truth for our guide, we must be able to judge of facts as they are, instead of contemplating them through the medium of prejudice, and deciding on them with a complete ignorance and misconception. Thence flow the numberless misrepresentations of men, of manners, and of things; and no where do these misapprehensions, and mis-statements abound so much as in our opinions and accounts of foreigners, and of foreign countries; and *vice versâ*, in the false ideas, erroneous conclusions, and extravagant histories of foreigners respecting us. It would fill whole volumes to detail the numerous reciprocal prejudices, ignorances and uncandid narratives of the inhabitants of two soils, separated only by a narrow channel, but

still in view of each other, and more divided by jealousy and prejudice, than by nature and interest; I mean England and France. Those two nations, who can visit each other in a couple of hours, allow themselves wilfully to be as ignorant of each other's characters, as biassed and prejudiced against these their neighbours, as if it were as distant as is the equator from the pole ; and this too in the piping time of peace.

Ignorance, self love and vanity are the causes. We study not what we dislike, or are jealous of. We cannot bestow perfect esteem where egotism makes a demi-god of self. Ignorance and precipitancy also take a short view of what is before them, and then draw their hasty and ridiculous conclusions. As well might a blind man give his opinion on painting, or a deaf man pass judgment on the merits and demerits of an orator, as such travellers pretend to censure or to laud what they are equally incapable of understanding.

Yet to foster these errors and prejudices, do the theatres, the print shops, and the silly presses of both countries conspire in nearly equal measure. Here we have *mounsieur* eating *soupe maigre* and frogs, with pale emaciated countenance, and in wooden shoes. On the other side of the water, we have *jack ros bif*, or *milor plom puddins* in the agonies of indigestion, or ascending his horse by levers and pullies.

An ignorant person pretending to give an account of men and manners, or of a country, its productions and inhabitants, is like a dunce who cannot spell, yet who presumes to read to others; misnaming as he goes on, all the creation at large; and his account must be like an ill printed copy, which from want of orthography and punctuation, misinterprets and makes nonsense of a subject.

I remember once reading an advertisement, or rather a school-bill, printed in the English language, but coming from the

French press, wherein, by way of recommending the advantages of the academy, and of assuring parents that air and exercise were attended to, it was stated that—"The scholars walk off, ten in the day;" meaning, "The scholars walk often in the day."

Nor is this unconnected account more ridiculous, than the oral tradition of so many birds of passage from each side, which just flit over, and immediately become tourists and historiographers, and expect to find as much benefit in the way of wisdom and information, from a glimpse of the coast of France, or from the air of Calais, as a fungous, citizen does who expects to obtain from a voyage in the steam boat, and two or three dips in the sea at Margate, a change of constitution, and a perfect revival of health.

An English *bon vivant* threw himself into the Diligence, swore at the rope harness, laughed at the grotesque conveyance,

quizzed the conductor and his dog, and arrived at the *Palais Royal;* there he spent his fortnight, and on his return reported Paris to be the dearest town in the world, but furnishing every luxury, though small in its extent. (Be it remembered he had never left the *Palais Royal.*) The nation, he said, was made up of actors, mummers, gamesters and cyprians. He saw nothing but eating, drinking, acting, smoking, dancing, singing, gaming, and debauchery, the whole time he was in France. He never eat a morsel of good beef during his stay, and he remarked, that even the first people travelled in the waggon, and also that the women were attractive, but very free in their manners, and indecent in their dress.

On the other hand, a French ignoramus takes upon him to say that the smoke of our coals, our heavy porter, solid roast beef and greasy plum-pudding, make our whole nation melancholy, and fill the men with blue devils, and the ladies with vapours and ro-

mantic notions; that the men herd by themselves, and that when the ladies leave them to drink punch after dinner, they themselves sip drams in the drawing-room: where can he have lived in our polished metropolis?

Another, by way of stating how dear every thing is in England, asserted to his companions in the mail, that he paid six shillings for a single slice of raw beef; but upon being examined closer, he allowed that there was bread and beer with the beef, which was only a little under done; and he explained, by saying, "I give tree shilling for de beef, and tree shillings for de maid vat vait upon de beef." Whether this was an act of generosity to the maid, or whether an affair of caprice, or a fallacy altogether, matters very little.

All comment on these facts must be superfluous; and I shall only add, by way of advice to our giddy and prejudiced travellers of all countries, that I hope they will perceive it is necessary to learn

before they attempt to teach, to see before they describe, and to examine before they decide; such is the advice of

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

N° XIII.

STORY OF DE LANCY.

——— The tear that is wiped with a little address.
May be followed perhaps by a smile

COWPER

THE STORY OF DE LANCY.

I HAVE already spoken of my landlady at Calais. Her kindness to the widow is a proof of the goodness of her heart; that kindness proceeds from two causes: first, sympathy; and secondly, her having tasted herself of the bitter, yet wholesome cup of affliction; prosperity generally blinds and intoxicates us; adversity as frequently opens our eyes, and sobers us. Nevertheless, "mine hostess" was a woman who could glide calmly through the smooth current of success, and who bore her "faculties so meekly," that she never ceased to be lowly with the

lowly, nor to share her means with the children of affliction. Her heart, however, was additionally mellowed and softened by some experience of the vicissitudes of the world, and by being widowed at an early period of life, when the unextinguished fire of affection modestly conceals itself in the shade, preying upon the possessor's bosom, and lighting up its interior with glowing, yet consuming regrets, and reminiscences of days of happiness, now no more.

Madame ——— had passed the meridian of life, but riper tints of autumn lent a charm to her *tout ensemble* which was quite irresistible. She had an only child, and she still continued the widow's weeds, (no "mockery of woe" with her) in which she looked most captivating. These she adhered to in every respect, although the news of her husband's death had been announced to her four years before,—a proof that she must have loved him, for her townsmen

must have been blind indeed, had not some of them in that time shewn themselves desirous of consoling her.

In her quality of hostess she possessed a deportment very rare, both at home and abroad, namely, perfect kindness, humility and attention, without levity, obsequiousness, pride, conceit, or the least officiousness. She had that dignity which a wise person always has who fills his, or her situation of life, without passing its limits by intruding on others, and with a delicate modesty, which prevents others from encroaching on its bounds.

Polite to all she made no unbecoming distinctions; but when the air or the garb of a military man met her eye, her bosom would heave in silence, her colour would increase in spite of all controul, and a tear would lurk in her averted eye. If she heard the company talking of battles or of sieges, she would leave the room, as hastily as respect for her customers, and her natu-

ral civility would permit; but she would send her little boy to tend upon the military man with more than ordinary care and attention.

Perceiving the effect which any one belonging to the army had on her, I foolishly said one day, " I believe, my good and interesting lady, that you are the widow of an officer." " *Helas! qu'oui, monsieur,*" sighed she in a most thrilling and enchanting tone, which would have enlisted every true soldier to protect and defend her with his life. At the same time, she cast down her fine black eyes, and left the longest, and the darkest silken fringe which I ever saw, to cover them with mourning for a while, ere they again passed, like a bright meteor through the cloud.

I don't know to what this conversation would have led, had it not been interrupted, for I felt all my affections going over to the widow, and leaving an aching void in my own bosom, when an old man en-

tered, who had evidently once served his country, but who had retired, and embarked in commerce, for which he was not fitted, either by habit, or by appearance.

"I want to speak with you, Annette," said he, mingling gravity and importance with a look of joyful promise which I could not comprehend; "I have had strange dreams about De Lancy." "*Helas!*" answered she, with a sigh and a tear; "life itself has been one melancholy dream to me, ever since I lost him; but do not, dear neighbour, and very old friend of the family, insult my miseries by talking about dreams." "I should not wonder, Annette," resumed he, "if *he* were not dead" (laying emphasis on the hopeful monosyllable). "Cruel," replied she again, "cruel! my old neighbour, thus to sport with my affliction—thus to awaken my dormant———" (here she gave vent to her tears.)

"I need not say dormant," resumed she, "for my grief can never sleep." "Very

dear Annette" (*toute chere Annette*) said the old man, with a tear and a smile, " weep on ; it will relieve thee ; but I am strong in hope." She shook her head, and looked as if she had received an outrage to her good sense, to her firm belief, nay to her conviction. " I believe," said he, with force and emphasis : " I do believe, that he does live ; and what if he did live ?" She threw herself on her knees. He raised her gently, saying, " my child, what if wounded, disfigured, weather-beaten, and hard to be recognized, he were to return ?"

Here she was all animation, and placing both her hands across her bosom, full of enthusiasm, she exclaimed, " were he blind, lame, decrepit, old as the ark, and disfigured *à faire peur*, I would hug him to my heart, and would not envy a queen, were I once to possess him again." "*Point de tout*," replied her good fatherly neighbour, " you would be quite a woman; you would shriek at his appearance, you would weep, faint, and

perhaps be so overcome as to fall ill." "Oh! that I had the trial to make," said she heroically, and with all the blood in her heart mounting as it were to receive him. "Then," concluded the old man; "compose yourself."

So slipping from the private apartment, which divided me from this thrilling scene, by a thin partition, lighted by a window through which I looked;—"then prepare thyself," he said, and going to the door, he led in a weather-beaten, venerable soldier, not old, but emaciated, and leaning on crutches. A momentary genuflexion stopped her transport; then, in the twinkling of an eye, the wife and husband were locked in each other's arms!

To say that I envied them their feelings, is to say nothing, worse than nothing. I was by this time at the back of the returned soldier, supporting him; and I found the happy couple locked in the embraces of the faithful neighbour and myself. We both

of us wept over them. I lost a part of my dinner, and let the packet sail without me, before I knew what I was doing or where I was. I waked at last from my dream of reality, into their private room, making one of the family.

I may not paint "the family felicity, the gratitude of these strangers, their supper, nor their welcome, to a traveller fallen by chance amongst them, yet allied to and identified with them by the tie of sensibility, and the invincible sympathies of humanity; I heard the warrior. He had been numbered and plundered with the dead, on the field of battle. He had been removed for burial, but forgotten with others at the moment of retreat, and left three days in a church porch. A ministering seraph of a nun succoured and fed him; a stranger removed him, he lived long concealed by a generous foe; and at length regained his native land."

Here let the curtain drop, and with it the

lovely eye of Annette, closed in a happy sleep. Princes themselves might envy Annette and her brave De Lancy.

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

No XIV.

LESSON FROM A BEGGAR

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.——

GOLDSMITH.

LESSON FROM A BEGGAR.

I SAID that I had lost my passage in the packet boat, by the deep interest which I took in the family of De Lancy; but I consoled myself by the satisfaction which I received from having witnessed their felicity; I therefore took my coffee in the morning with more than usual cheerfulness, and had the pleasure of beholding my hostess in a white dress, her countenance lit up by smiles; and of shaking hands with the brave soldier, who had his little son sitting on his knee, playing with his crutch, and asking him innumerable questions respecting

battles, sieges, marches and storming parties, wounds, victories and bivouacs.

"How short a time ago it is, since this was my foe," said I to myself. "But no; man is not the foe of man humanity bids us call our fellow creatures brothers and friends; 'tis ambition, 'tis avarice, 'tis pride, or the heartless policy of courts, which arm brother against brother. The contest done, we can love and embrace each other, nature, then is captain general over all the children of men: at all events, the grave closes on all triumphs, and defeats alike; all enmities cease there." From this reflection I was the better pleased to find myself so affiliated, so paternized and naturalized with this interesting French family. "I will sail to-morrow, wind and weather permitting," said I to myself, after requesting De Lancy to take the best bottle of wine which the house afforded with me.

Accordingly I ordered dinner, and took my usual promenade round the ramparts.

A daily walk round ramparts, no longer bearing a belligerent appearance, and little frequented by gay company, might have very little interest with most men. There are there no coffee-houses, or guinguettes, no chattering politicians, or laughing belles, no dashing cavaliers, no splendid chariots and rival charioteers, as on the Boulevards of Paris; yet is there food enough for mental occupation. One man may go round the world without sympathy or observation, whilst another perceives in every social circle, in every morning ramble, or evening saunter, in every habitation, and in every scene of life, some novelty, some interest, some love wherewith to enrich his mind, something to add to the varied history of life. But I am wandering, and must return, and confine myself to the ramparts.

An empty sentry box first struck my view, as I strayed along. An empty sentry box! on viewing it nearer, I saw written on it "*Hotel de la Patience.*" Aye, aye,

said I, smiling, this is a little *morceau* of French wit. Here the amorous recruit was first placed on guard, and here counted the lingering hours which kept him from his belle, or ruminated on the distance of parents, relatives, sweethearts and friends, yet learned that patience is a prime quality with the soldier. Patience,—sobriety,—obedience,—courage: the former is perhaps the chief quality—the most difficult to obtain. But as the Frenchmen says, " with a shrug of his shoulders," *Patience!* or *Pazienza per forza!* as would say the Italian. I passed the *guerite.*

Near it stood a man whom I had observed daily. He looked poor, old and broken down, yet cleanly, cheerful and mild. He carried one arm in a sling, had a wooden leg, and had upon the whole, partly the appearance of a retired soldier, and partly that of a workman out of employment.

He smiled as I approached him, and took off his cap. " A fine day, Sir," said he in

a cheerful tone. "It is, my good friend," replied I, taking off my hat not less low, nor less civilly and kindly. "Will you accept of a ten sols piece to drink?" added I. "You do me honor," answered he, with an air quite foreign to mendicity; so that I began to suspect that I had mistaken my man, since he had not begged of me. "Here," resumed I; "I will not affront you by such a trifle as I before named; here is a trente sols piece, which will buy you a bottle of wine." "*Je n'en bois jamais,*" replied he, modestly and resignedly; "these are not times for wine, for such as me; you are too good and generous; either ten sols, or thirty, would be the effect of your goodness, (literally translating "*une effet de votre bonté,*") and I should feel grateful for either; I never importune passengers with my wants; but I know how to appreciate acts of humanity and benevolence. Those who pass me by with indifference, excite neither my envy nor dislike; whilst those who commiserate my

situation, those who sympathize with poverty, and a broken constitution, claim my blessing, and obtain my prayers." The whole of this account was given in the best possible language, and without any sorrowfulness of countenance, any unbecoming debasement or abject attitude.

What a singular mendicant! thought I. "You must have an excellent conscience, and an excellent temper," said I to the poor man; "thus to bear with pious resignation, so humble, so hard, and so sad a fate." "Not at all," replied he; "we are not always to be here. *D'ailleurs.* I am no worse off than others. How many nobles are in beggary? How many, more worthy than myself, are under deeper suffering? In fact, I have nothing to complain of. We all have our burthens to bear; and thanks to the Allwise, mine is not too heavy for my shoulders. You, Sir," concluded he; "have kindly lightened it this day."

The man astonished me. What a Chris-

tian! What a philosopher! What an example to those who proudly call themselves his superiors! In putting my paltry piece of coin into his hand, I pressed it between both mine; and begging him to wish me a prosperous voyage, for the good wishes of the righteous are very valuable, I quitted him, his face full of quietude, content and benignity. I determined, however, to learn his history of my hostess, convinced that he must be known to her, whose heart was a mirror of charity, especially as he informed me that he had been in his present condition, for the last twenty-five years.

On returning to my inn, I made the necessary enquiries. The brief history is as follows:

In his youth he had served as a soldier, and returned home at the close of the American war with the loss of a leg. Unsubdued, however, in courage, and full of independent spirit, he sought for no relief but what his industry could procure. He accordingly

followed his trade of carpenter in doors, by which he subsisted decently, until he had the misfortune to wound the sinews of his hand, by which he lost its use. Even here the measure of his suffering was not yet filled. His piety and loyalty too freely avowed in public, procured him the hatred of the terrorists in the reign of Robespierre, that canibal, ruling a horde of anthropophagi; that monster, governing a people, who seemed like the children of Cadmus, born to devour each other. The poor man was cast into a dungeon. His little apartment was rifled, or rather robbed, under the pretext of a domiciliary visit, and he lost his all—even every certificate which might have procured him notice, either for his sufferings or for his services.

Forgotten, amongst many other unfortunates, for a length of time, he was at last released, grateful and happy as he described it, at having no wife or family to share his sufferings, or to glut the blood-thirsty

tyrant who was then depopulating his native soil. From that period to the present, he shewed himself on his ramparts; and his gentle deportment, pleasing manners, cheerful countenance, good character and former (I should say) continued, good life, procured him friends; so that he appeared to me less dependent with his eleemosynary income, than titled beggars, or saucy mendicants, crouching for court favors, and begging for places, pensions, and idle sinecures.

"How few are the real wants of man!" said I to myself, on considering the case of this cheerful mendicant, "few, and of short duration. Contentment, such as his, exists not in the midst of plenty, far less in the breast of the miser, who counts his useless and unprofitable pelf, without a generous throb in his whole system—without a soothing reflection that he has succoured his fellow-man, by parting with a trifle of his superfluous coin."

The smiling pauper's countenance is still

fresh in my mind's eye, an emblem of mildness, piety, and resignation. His example is also a wholesome lesson of morality to the discontented rich, and the immoral great of the land. Nor will it, I trust, be thrown away upon

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY

No. XV

THE PACKET BOAT.

Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make, or find.

GOLDSMITH

THE PACKET BOAT.

"What an emblem of life is a packet boat!" I could not forbear exclaiming, as I stood on the beach contemplating one that had just arrived from England, and in which I meant to transport myself back to my native shores. "What a variety of different characters, different occupations, different ranks and different fortunes do these countenances display, uniting only in one expression; weariness of their present situation, and anxious, restless expectation of what the next few fleeting hours may present to them." The passengers now began

to land, and presented a motley crew of fashionable travellers, curious travellers, idle travellers, trading travellers, and invalid travellers. First came a group of fashionables, who had not the least business on the continent, and scarcely an object in getting themselves conveyed to it, except it might be to contrast the enjoyment of the comforts they had left at home, with the total want of them abroad. Wedded to Bond Street, Pall Mall, and St. James's Street, to town habits, London clubs, and other attractive habits, they quitted them for a time, only to say that they had seen Paris, and appeared predetermined to find fault with every thing they might meet with. The moving mountain of a diligence was the first thing that excited that laughter, which in them might well admit of Hobbes's definition of " a sudden glory," a sense of vast superiority over the object which occasions this convulsion of the diaphragm. It went as heavily as an English stage waggon, and

its outside sufficiently alarmed and disgusted the *elegantes* as they looked up to it, with its mastiff dog, *conducteur*, noisy postilion, smoking Frenchmen, in black silk night caps, as if condemned to the block, and yawning Englishmen with fur caps, and countenances as sorrowful as if they were entering on transportation for a term of years. The sanded floors, the vile dining tables, the damp napkins, and the shabby attire of the middling orders; the miserable horses, the rope harness, the comfortless vehicles, and the grotesque antediluvian post-boys, all came in rotation for the spleen of the party, who drove off as quickly as they could, to Paris, there to make observations with as profound opportunities of judging, and as much candour in forming opinions at a glance.

Next to the fashionables came a curious triumvirate of untravelled Oxonians; they had the sciences in view, but so overshot

the mark, that they looked for something exotic in every stick and stone which lay in their way; losing half an hour in poring on a piece of common silex, which they picked up upon the beach, and expecting to find a character in every person they met; and that too in a country which has less determined character than any nation on the face of the globe; unless, indeed, levity, versatility, and love of novelty be accounted fixed principles. Of the idle travellers, two landed drunk, and went on board again, in the same state: no wonder if they saw a nation of *girouettes*, or doubled every object that appeared before their eyes.

The one a mere boy, in appearance a coachman, confessed that he went over to France, only in order to drink wine in perfection; whilst his companion, a sportsman, had the goodness (unbidden and unsolicited) to inform me that he went there merely to see the Palais Royal.

There were two other descriptions of travellers, who had been, I was informed, desperately impatient all the passage, and to whom the delay attendant on landing seemed insufferable; but they so concealed the motives of their impatience, that it was not until they stepped on shore that their fellow passengers discovered their real characters.

One of them had taken immense pains to make it understood that he was going *à Paris* (the word spoken in barbarous French) just for a lounge. Another had talked all the time of his horses at grass; and a third of his elegant country house, which he had let in order to travel solely for amusement. They pretended, however, that they were not used to the sea, and wished that they could get over quicker.

The latter characters abused England, were quite glad that they were at last out of sight of it, and wondered who would

vegetate at home, who could enjoy every luxury abroad; they abused even our constitution, swore that there was nothing but corruption in the legislature; and took more than ordinary pains to convince those around them that their love of foreign manners, and the foreign mode of living, was their sole motive for emigrating; and that they were only afraid that they should not be able to pass the whole winter in Paris. Dear Paris! the very paradise of female beauties, and the emporium of fashion of the whole world!

But how did these two characters attempt to impose upon us! the first class was traders, who were not going beyond the coast,—who had no time to lounge, no curiosity to satisfy, no horses at grass, no house but the counting house. They travelled merely in the way of business, were very anxious to make the most of their time, and still more desirous of not letting the object of their short voyage be known.

Unluckily one of them was decreased in bulk on landing, by a *douanier's* delivering him of a bale of concealed muslin; and another had his cloak bag seized for having no less than six dozen of cotton stockings and some printed pieces for ladies' gowns. What a laugh was there against these would be bucks! This, however, did not prevent one of them from resuming his bulk, in silk stockings and gloves, nor the other from sporting plump calves, composed of lace, to a pair of spindle shanks, on their return.

One of the second class, being known to some of his countrymen on landing, was found to be a man of fashion escaped from his bail, with a brace of bailiffs in full pursuit, and so involved at home, that he dreaded the appearance of every vessel, and considered the sight of the only land of true freedom, as most dangerous and appalling.

How deceitful are appearances! the

invalids were the only true characters of the whole party. They acted from nature indeed. May the soft climate and bland breezes of Provence restore them to their pristine health! may change of air and of objects, recal the fading rose to the cheek of beauty, and bring back strength to the debilitated frame!

Shortly after my return to England, I found my contraband traders making another voyage for a mere lounge,—my fashionables, who found fault with every thing in France, now abusing every thing in their own country; and my tourists as full of fancy and as void of matter as they were at starting: in short, I found my fellow travellers, differing from the old principle of "at Rome, doing as the Romans do," took special care to be quite English whilst in France; and as much as possible French on their return to England.

For my part I felt very well pleased to

be a citizen of the world, whilst on the continent; but still more so to set my foot again on British ground, and resume my habits of a

HERMIT IN MY NATIVE COUNTRY.

N° XVI.

LEAVING HOME.

Thou, *filial piety*, wert there;
And round the ring benignly bright,
And in the luscious half-shed tear,
And in the parting word—good night.

BLOOMFIELD.

LEAVING HOME.

I HAD just completed my eighteenth year, when I received orders to join my regiment for the first time. The sash and gorget, the maiden sword, scarlet cloth and gold lace, had all their weight and attractions for me. I contemplated the empire which I should have over hearts, and the preference, which I had so often felt mortified at wanting, at a ball, or in a country circle; I expected to live with the best fellows in the world, to see a great variety of scenes, to be ever amused, ever changing quarters,—to dance as it were through life, to the tune of the merry

fife and drum, and to leave care and gloomy reflection always a day's march behind me; but above all I longed to see the world, to be free, to be an uncontrolled agent,—in a word, to be my own master.

I had gone through the classics with some degree of attention, was a pretty good dancer, could play a little on the flute, rode boldly, had read history, was a good shot, and considered myself, upon the whole, a decent sort of fellow, particularly as the maid servants called me handsome, and the village surgeon's daughter had eyed me with some degree of interest.

I had now been looking *for myself* in the gazette for six weeks; and not a little proud was I to see myself in print, for the first time. My next impatience was to be ordered to head-quarters; and, when the order came, I was in the highest possible spirits. The night before I set out on my journey, I scarcely slept a wink. Young Phaeton, when importuning his father for

the reins of that chariot which was fatal to his existence, was not more anxious than I was, on this occasion; nor, when he asked that sire to grant his boon, as a pledge of the love which he bore to his mother—"*Pignora da Genitor, etc.*" he could not seek it in a more eager tone than I enquired "if to-morrow was the day on which I was to set out?"

And yet I tenderly loved my parents. I was an only child, their prop and stay; I could not love them more than they deserved. The whole village too shared my affections: I felt the relative ties of humanity and good will; of brotherhood and connexion with all my neighbours,—domestics and all. I had even a tenderish feeling for the fire-side animals of the paternal roof,—the poor old pointer, the dowager spaniel, Duchess, the invalid cat, and my mother's pet bullfinch. Yes, I had rather not had to feel the "good by to ye." The shooting poney, I recommended to Robert's care; and my setter,—

poor Trusty! accompanied me through many a varied and uneven path. Night came, and her mantle sat uneasily on me. I felt almost a woman's weakness as I sunk upon that mother's breast, where I drew my first love, mingled with the stream of life; but I tried to be the soldier; and, after one dewy kiss, I resolved not to see her in the morning. My father was to accompany me a part of the road: and the thought of this was a relief to me.

As I drew on my regimental boots, the only article of military uniform which I wore on my journey, I felt an elevation of mind, and seemed as if I were already fit to command a company. But my satisfaction was not without alloy: I had the *Dulce Domum* to quit; I had the village to look on, perhaps, for the last time; I had to shake hands with the poor servants, some of whom had borne my helpless infant form in their arms. This was trying. I whistled a march; but it was more like a dirge;

I tried a country dance: it was out of tune.

I sent the cook to knock at my father's door, an hour earlier than agreed upon; for time now seemed loaded with a weight of care; and I resolved, albeit I was proud of my appearance, not to be seen by my kind neighbours. I therefore gave keepsakes to all the servants, and wrote a letter for the surgeon's daughter.

My dear father appeared: it was a great ease to my state of mind. I shook him heartily by the hand, tried to look gay, and brushed over the threshold of the door. The old nurse insisted upon kissing me: she was aged and ugly, but a good woman, and somehow she had a right to this embrace. I gave it her heartily, looking, however, jealously around: nobody saw me but the family, else should I have blushed. "The *Captain* to kiss an ugly old woman! fie for shame."

We were now at the end of the village.

I dreaded the sight of my mother at the window; so I never looked back until out of sight of the house. I was now to take a last look at this rustic assemblage of houses. They danced tremulously in a tear, in my eye; but I cleared up with such a hoarse and monstrous *hem* that the echo of the church-yard, which returned it to me, terrified me with the sound.—All this time my father and I had not exchanged a word; he looked thoughtful, and as if he had had a sleepless night.

The morning was beautiful, and I never saw my native scene in such glowing colours before. There seemed to be a peculiar grace in the antique belfry of the church; and the stiff sepulchral yews were gilded with the sun-beam. Obituary sculpture might have caused me some serious reflection. But my mind dwelt not on the past; nor were any doubts and fears as to the future, unfolded to my view. — How many a departed bliss now leaves but its monu-

mental memento in my heart! how many prospects have vanished like the days of my ancestors! how many a brave comrade in arms now lies in his narrow bed, and upon his earthly pillow!—but let us return to my father.

"We had better dismount and walk a little," said he to me, in a kind affectionate tone. "The weather is beautifully fine; we have a long day before us; and I can return in the cool of the evening. I should like to have as much of your company as I can; and you will not always have your old father for your companion." We alighted accordingly, and gave our horses to the servant who had charge of my luggage. I was to proceed in the mail from the first stage.

We now turned off the high road, and skirted a beautiful wood, crossed some adjacent fields, and pursued the course of the river, by the foot-path for some miles. —My father folded his arm in mine with a peculiar degree of friendship, familiarity,

and tenderness; and I never hung on the discourse of any one with so much attention either before or since. He evidently tried to amuse my mind, and to cheat the way and beguile the time by his conversation; and he succeeded to a charm. We saw the vertical sun ere we thought morning mid-way gone; and his declining ray surprized us ere we thought it two hours after.

"Let us dine together, my dear boy," said he, with so much of the good fellow in his air and accent, that I regretted that he was not more my own age, and going to join the army with me. I assented with delight. "There is scarcely any night," said he, "now; and I must ride home the harder for it."

Thrice had he essayed to part with me, before this proposal: I saw the motion pass in his mind; but his heart failed him; his steps hung on mine, and his affections lingered with me, and were loth to part. He looked at his watch on alighting from his

pony, as much as to say, "a short walk, and then." Next, when fatigued, he sat down on a bank, and seemed determined to shake hands and to bid adieu;—but he could not. He then remounted, and proposed riding on to dinner, in the cool of the evening. My heart placed all these debts of gratitude to his account.

He had another object, however, in this confidential walk; in this protracted journey together. He wished to give me a great deal of good advice, and that advice was offered and delivered to me more like a brother and a comrade, a companion and a friend, than a parent, or one set in authority over me,—more like the man prone to error and failing like myself, than one to whom age and experience had given so decided a superiority.

On how many useful subjects did he give me his cool and unpresuming counsel! How fraught with honor, sentiment, and delicacy were his paternal admonitions! In

how many instances of life have his precepts and warnings, upheld and prevented me from evil! How often has a retrospect of that happy hour been a benefit to me, in my passage through life!

We parted, precipitately at last; for the mail-coach horn relieved us from those achings of the bosom which a first separation from those who are dear to us naturally produces.

That parent, alas! is now no more! I have been the support of his sad relict; but I have no longer that brotherly father to hang upon my arm, to pledge me in the convivial cup, to interest himself in every circumstance concerning my welfare in this checkered scene of life, nor to recur to, for advice, in difficulty or distress.

Often have I, in different climates, and novel scenes, in distant and in doubtful circumstance, pondered upon this opening scene of life, with a melancholy sensibility, which has mingled sweets and

bitterness so intimately together, that not to have been sad, would be double wretchedness, since sadly sweet was the very essence of reflection.

Even at the moment that I am writing these lines, it seems as if my father's shade hovered near me—as if I were wrapt and covered all over in affection's mantle. Farewell, dear scenes! I shall never behold ye more! yet must memory itself perish, ere ye fade from the heart of

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

No XVII.

AN EXQUISITE'S LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

Il est triste de voir une belle campagne, sans pouvoir dire a quel-,n'un, Voila une belle campagne.

RACINE, FILS.

AN EXQUISITE'S LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

THE solitude of a country life is fitted only for the saint, the sage, or the philosopher. To any other man it loses its charms, when he cannot enjoy them in company with friends and fellow men. To see a fine prospect, an enchanting wood, a limpid river, a delightful waterfall, without being able to say to some one, "What a lovely scene!" saddens the heart of man. Society is as necessary for the country as the town; but the man who transports town habits and pleasures into the bosom of nature, loses the fountain and the grove, the ver-

dant lawn, and the delicious retirement which country scenery and a country life present.

"To meet the sun upon the upland lawn," to watch his majestic rising from the gilded east, to contemplate the rosy-fingered morning, opening the day upon man, to view the prismatic colours reflected in the drops of dew, to brush that dew with early foot from the shrub and floweret in our healthful walk, to behold the glories of the setting sun, or the silvery moon-beam playing on the surface of the quiescent lake, to admire the expanded rose-bud, and to watch the progress of nature in its spring, are amongst the loveliest and sublimest enjoyments, and are unknown in the busy haunts of vicious and populous cities. The country, retirement, health, order, sobriety, and morality, can alone furnish them.

There are fashionables, however, who expect to make nature subservient to their habits and caprice, every where, and in

every thing; and who, not content with bringing summer in January, into their painted and gilded saloons, by rare shrubs, flowers plants and the expensive contents of their conservatories, added to the forced fruits and other articles of ruinous luxury with which their boards abound, madly expect to transmit town enjoyments, and dissipation, into the country, in order to lead the same unvaried course of voluptuousness and riot all the year round. In contradistinction to what we hear of "*rus in urbe*," it is with them *urbs in rurem;* and not satisfied with turning day into night, and night into day, in town, they convert summer into winter, by passing it in London, or at some watering place, where they only go as an adjournment of the London spring, and then travel down to the country, to view leafless trees, fields clad in snow, and to be either confined to the house, or to brave bad weather for a short time for form's sake.

Wedded to the London system of rising in the evening, riding at dusk, and dressing by taper light, they carry the same unnatural and unwholesome arrangements to scenes which would have furnished a retreat full of charms, if visited in the spring, or in the summer. For them the feathered choir chaunts in vain; for them the flower expands not; all is haze, fog, and darkness, unless perchance the rising sun blushes at their orgies, or reminds them that the day has opened ere they retire to a feverish bed.

There are rakes and debauchees who unblushingly tell you that they only wish to see their family mansion in order to collect their rents; and that to behold their woods turned into cash, their corn and hay at the market, instead of in their fields, is their sole delight; that their tenants are only the tributaries to their pleasures, and their flocks food for their table; and that they care neither for family pedigree, nor family

estate, except as they can make them conducive to their consequence and luxuries.

There is a depravity in all this which absolutely denaturalizes the heart; but, as this is the object we have at present in view, let us peruse the life of a certain nobleman at his family castle, surrounded by majestic woods, lakes, and forests peopled for his use; a numerous and faithful tenantry, and the most romantic scenery which the eye can possibly view.

Engaged in London until July, and at Brighton until December, he gets down to this ancient edifice, the pride of his ancestors, about the first week in January, and leaves it in March, just as the days are lengthening, and increasing the ennui which the contemplation of rural objects occasions him.

Surrounded by foreign cooks, confectioners, and fiddlers, he travels all night, and arrives at day-break. His effeminate form sinks for a few hours on down; and he

rises in the afternoon. The breakfast table is covered with delicacies, and with the provocatives necessary to excite a sated appetite. Gamblers and demireps, dandies and adventurers, compose his numerous party. " The weather is odious," says he: " what a bore the country!" He comes there only for fashion's sake, and in order to raise his rents. His spirits are low; brandy alone can save him from the blue devils; he swallows the liquid fire. The billiard table occupies five hours, his toilette takes two more.

The second dinner bell has rung; it is past eight, and he descends to his banquetting room. All here is pomp and pageantry: nothing is rational. Foreign wines and cookery compose the fare. Excess reigns over every thing. Intemperance plies the frequent cup, and vocal and instrumental music breathe their most voluptuous sounds.

Now comes the hour of gambling. His

woods, his lands, his moveables, are all hazarded again and again: ten times in the night, they are lost and won. A castle totters on a single card: the comfort of his tenantry depends on one throw: agitation and ill humour ebb and flow: avarice and ruin stare each other in the face. The game is over. He has lost only two or three thousand: and the grinding of a few farmers will rub off his score. He goes to bed. Conscience has nothing to do with him; for these are only considered as the peccadillos of fashion.

Occasionally he sallies forth in the evening with a legion of liveried attendants. The woods are surrounded; the birds are circumvented; the cover is beaten. Armed with a double-barrelled gun, and followed by menials, who take from him even the trouble of loading his piece, he and his party fire a thousand shots and spread death and desolation around them. This is called

glorious sport, a noble day, rare country amusement! and the great man returns as proud as ever Alexander was after his greatest victory. Brandy recruits the fatigues of this memorable morning, and the tongue of flattery tickles the nobleman's ear, and elevates him in his own esteem.

At dressing time he gives audience to the steward, who is ordered to pay his gaming and intriguing debts, by the sale of timber, mortgage, anticipation, or annuities.

Such is the exquisite's country life! Such the delights in which he indulges, in the midst of family estates and picturesque scenery to which he is as blind, as he is to his own vices and failings.

What a pity that a habitation and scenes like these should be bestowed on such a possessor! The very detail is offensive to reason and feeling; but its colouring is not too high, nor is it a solitary example.

Let our self-exiled, our ruined, our ruining nobility and rich men, look to themselves and this picture. How many will behold their own likeness, thus slightly sketched as it is, by the hand of

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

Nº XVIII.

MY LANDLADY.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate,
I fly from Falsehood's specious grin,
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And chuse my lodgings at an Inn.
SHENSTONE.

MY LANDLADY.

WHEN I travel I am always fond of privacy, as being best suited to observation; I throw myself into my dennet, with my old servant, who has learned taciturnity from me, and I stop at road-side houses, avoiding the bustle of great inns, and only visiting towns and cities for a few hours, in order to see the public buildings, manufactories, and local curiosities.

At these retired houses of reception, I find myself most at ease to write my remarks, and to examine every thing from a worm or a caterpillar, up to the proud king of ani-

mals, man; to whom alone the great Creator has given perfect uprightness, as a lesson to him, that he is to look up for protection to heaven, and to look down with humanity on the minor parts of the creation; to soar with towering eye into the elevations where reason and science conduct, to avoid the degradation of so noble a structure, and never to grovel in the mire of brutal passions, or to bring down the man to the level of the beast;

> *Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri,*
> *Jussit, et* erectos *ad sidera tollere vultus.*

The reader will pardon this digression, for it is permitted to a traveller wandering to the road-side-houses of nature's path, to cast an eye to the right and to the left, and occasionally to step out of his way and cast one upward.

On one of these travelling occasions, I completed my thirty miles, which was my ordinary day's journey. I put up old Viator, my brown horse, in the stable; re-

collected the vulgar adage of the master's *eye*, being myself a *pupil* of the old school; and recommended Robert, (as great an original as his master) to take care of number one, and to get a pot of ale with his dinner.

I then ordered my beef-steak, and my pint of wine, called for pen, ink, and paper, and told the chambermaid that I should repose under her master's roof. "I have got no master," replied Honor, so she was called, but whether it was a nick-name or a misnomer I cannot take upon me to say. "Your mistress's roof then," said I, correcting myself. "Very vell," said Honor; "you shall be accommodated, in every respect."

This made me stare; for the word *accommodation* is a wide word, it is like a sweeping clause in an act of parliament, or one of those convenient terms in law, to which you may give an infinity of interpretations—some beneficial to the client, but many more of utility to the practitioner, leaving a great deal to be said on both sides of the question.

For instance, there are accommodating lawyers, and accommodating members of parliament, very accommodating acts of parliament (a bill of indemnity for instance,) equally accommodating consciences; there are accommodating money lenders; and accommodation bills, *id est,* kites, wind bills, or the like,—accommodating landladies, some of them the first *ladies in the land,* and, to return to where I set out from, there is such a thing as accommodating *Honor.*

"Well," said I to myself, "I should like to see this accommodating landlady." It is my custom frequently to send for my host to take a bottle of wine with me, that I may learn, from him, the news of the county in general, and the local chit-chat and *on dits* in particular. "What harm," cried I, as I filled up my third glass of wine, a bumper, "to ask my hostess to make tea for me in about an hour's time?"

When I had swallowed my wine, which combined in flavour an agreeable variety

of the cherry, the elderberry, and the sloe, I reflected that if she was a very fine lady, she would be indignant, and that if she was over accommodating, she would expect me to make love to her. Now neither of these ideas suited me; but, however, I mixed the rest of my black draught with water, and resolved to risk every thing, curiosity then being my predominant inclination.

At this moment I overheard Honor say to my man, " Young man" (this was a compliment and a hoax at the same time, for Robert is older than his master, and as grey as a badger,) " excuse my *curosity*" (an article of great extent thought I) " vat's your master ?" " He's a man," replied Robert, taking his pipe out of his mouth, doubtless with his usual sarcastic air, for Robert is a *bit* of a wit, and a politician at *full length.* " No offence," added Honor, "I suppose; his manhood is nothing to me. " *Ni moi non plus,*" rejoined Robert, for he had been in France with me, and, like the rest

of the world, wished to show the superiority arising from having seen foreign parts. His stock of French was scanty; but he made it go as far as possible, and, like all foreign commodities, it was most prized, where it was least known and understood. "I doesn't understand the dead languages," resumed Honor, "nor did I expect you to take a body up before they was down" (a difficult operation;) "I only made so bold as to axe if he vere a hadmiral, a general, a quality man, or a parliament man, thinking as how there was no arm in all that ere: I sees, howsever, that he's a gentleman." Here I finished my tumbler. "*She does me honor*," muttered I to myself. "*Miss*," replied Robert in a very civil, *suave* tone of voice, for this was a compliment in return for "young man," and for her flattering picture of his master, and a peace offering for having hurt her feelings—"Miss, I hope I have not been too blunt upon you: my master is a private gentleman; that's all I know

about him." "I am sure I don't want to know no more about him," muttered Honor, (doubtless with a toss of the head) and here the colloquy ended.

I now rung the bell. Honor made her appearance, with "What *is* your commands, Sir?" "I do not *command*," replied I; "but only *request* that your mistress would do me the favour to make tea for me, as I am very aukward that way myself, and I shall be grateful for her company, for an hour, if she can spare so much time." "I dare say she'll accommodate you, Sir," said Honor; bobbed a curtsey, and left the room. I now saw that *accommodating* was only a phrase with Honor, and meant, like a ministerial promise, or a courtly compliment, nothing at all.

Honor made her appearance a second time, within five minutes. "A refusal," thought I to myself, and with indignation at my impertinence! But, on the contrary, I was informed that mistress was putting

herself a little to rights, and would be with me in a moment. "Do you like gunpowder, hyson, souchong, or mixed, Sir?" added she, in the same breath, "for you can be accommodated with either." "*Mixed*," said I "Honor, if you please. I see you can suit all your customers." "Oh! yes," replied Honor, "we can *accommodate* them all." Here she stirred the fire, which did not want it, swept the hearth, which was not dusty, rubbed the table, from habit, and, after making "much ado about nothing," left the room once more.

"What sort of a woman will my landlady be?" said I to myself. But behold the door opens *wide*:—"a beauty and a proud one, perhaps?" said I in *sotto voce*. And I thought of my interesting, little landlady at Calais. I heard a rustling of silks. "Fatal to the bill!" said I; and—in came my landlady in slow time, followed by Honor, with a tea-tray, large silver teapot, cream-jug, silver sugar-basin, muffi-

neer, and all possible requisites of the tea equipage. My landlady was habited in the costume of the year 1701.—A stiff brocade silk gown, an apron and handkerchief bordered with lace, powder in her hair, and a black lace cap.

" I am come, Sir, to pay you my civilitudes!" said she, "and am obliged for the honor of your invitation." "Civilitude!" thought I; " I hope she don't mean similitude; no similarity, I hope, betwixt me and this old dowager." "Honor," continued she, "*accommodate* the gentleman with a damask napkin, put hot water under the muffins, and *accommodate* me with a chair." This I did, myself. She made a curtsey which took seven seconds by my stop watch, to assure me of her *profound consideration*, and down we sat to tea.

" I have put away my man this morning," said she, putting in the tea at the same time: " a great rascal—a very great rascal he was; he laid a snare for—" " not Honor,

I hope"—" my poor faithful, trusty tabby cat—Tomas has been on my paternal property for these ten years—fourth of his line — for——is your tea agreeable?"—" Quite so, ma'am." " I have paid rent and taxes, cess, road money, poor rates, window lights,—shocking our *burthens!*—a poor lone woman too!—tythes, nincome tax, king's duty, and I don't know what all, for forty years; and my *forebearers* have rented this here ground, before the date of printing, or the memory of man, counting the farm, and the Dun Cow, that I can assure you." Here I had made as profound a bow as she had made a curtsey.

"I have been a widow for these thirty years (you may judge her age,) yet have been quite a fixture, as you may say, never out of my parish but once in that nasty London. Keep me—" (here she sighed)— " rather too old to be kept there," thought I "—keep me," repeated she, adjusting her kerchief, " from ever going there again." I

went to a play too," continued she, " at *Common* Garden, or *Jewry* Lane, I forget which; but either is a den of thieves, of ladies no better than they should be, (with a significant look) of mummers and of *Intakes*. I went to take three hundred pounds to my son Leicester, a fine youth, six feet in his shoes, to purchase him a quarter master's warrant in the Longtails—Dragoons I believe you call them, and he insisted upon taking his old mother to the play, and" —" Another cup if you please."

" To be sure. I was looked at like a statute; if I'd been a history, I couldn't have been more examined, I assure you." Here in an altered tone of voice she added: " I was better worth looking at then, than I am now. The folks in the pit attended a deal more to me than they did to the play. How I was pinched and scrowged at going in! and I had my pocket picked into the bargain; but I didn't know that until I got into the coach, else I'd ha' made a rare ex-

ample of the culprit; he should have been set in wood, in the stocks--you take--on the market day, if I had. There were five long *hacks* to the play; each seemed to me like a comedy by itself; and they let down the curtain at the end of each, as if the actors was going to sleep.—'Is it done, son?' said I, at the end of each. 'No, mother,' replied my boy; 'but if you are tired you can go when you please.' 'Is there any discount, boy?' said I; 'any paying back of so much per *hack?*' enquired I. 'No,' said Leicester, smothering—a dog!—smothering a laugh. 'Then,' said I, in a laudable voice, for I wished to show 'em that I was not to be imposed upon, 'I gives a good thumping pound of butter for my customer's money, and I'll have as thumping a bargain for mine,—a pretty penny too! I dare be swore;' but my son paid for me, and I knew no more of it.

"Here the varmint about me roared out in a vulgar laugh, and one fellow sat so near me that I was obliged to say to him,

'paws off, Pompey! not so free! and—if you please—don't stamp upon the train of my gown—salmon coloured damasks don't grow upon hedges, and an't to be picked up every day—so be a little more circumspectuous.' This awed the fellor. 'I dare say she has got her market bag about her,' whispered a coxcomb to a coachmanlike looking shabby genteel. 'No shame if I have,' said I; 'I came honestly by it;' and I verily believe that these *was* the rogues as picked my pocket. Well! frightened enough was I, lest I should bring home the small pox, or the ague, or some bad distemper in my clothes to our pure air.

"But then I forgot to tell you about the ladies, and the actresses, and the audience, and all that ere. There was no difference earthly betwixt the duchess and the play actresses, and the dressed up milliner. None upon earth! such exposure of their"—she paused—"stomagers, their *harms*, their *hancles*, and all that. For my part,

they seemed to me to be all"—a violent ring at the bell—"coming, coming, Sir," concluded my landlady, who apologized and left the room.—Another customer to *accommodate*, thought I to myself, and Honor took away the tea-tray, and left to his own solitary reflections

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N° XIX.

MY LANDLADY,

CONTINUED.

For arts like these preferr'd, admired, caress'd,
They first invade your table, then your breast;
Explore your secrets with insidious art
Watch the weak hour, and ransack all the heart.

JOHNSON.

MY LANDLADY,

CONTINUED.

MY LANDLADY soon returned to the room, and apologized for her absence. The observation made by the chambermaid that I seemed *unked*, induced my kind hostess to prolong her visit, and to endeavour to amuse me; and I, on my part, considered it as a favourable opportunity to learn the news of the next village, and of the neighbourhood. I now drew out of my hostess the following information embracing the characters of the neighbouring chief magistrate, of the deputy lieutenant, of the next village lawyer, of the apothecary, of the

member of parliament for the borough, and of the rector, and his curate.

"Our justice of peace," said my landlady, "is a very fortunate man. From being steward to Lord Newmarket only twenty years ago, he is now one of our most powerful landholders. What is most extraordinary too, is, that in proportion as my lord grew poor, Mr. Acres got rich; and when Lord Newmarket was forced to sell all his property in order to pay his debts of honour, Mr. Acres, for all he lost his salary of five hundred a year, set up as a farmer upon a very large scale, and in a few years bought up all the land round him. Mr. Acres is very popular as a justice of the peace amongst the great folks, for he gives every thing in their favour, and by grinding the poor he keeps the lower orders in the greatest subjection. He has also got places for all his sons in the customs and excise, besides providing for his nephews in the army and navy.

"All this, they say, is in reward for his services to government, as he is a very staunch friend to the minister, although I remember him, whilst steward to Lord Newmarket, as blue as a whetstone in his politics, and the greatest orator at a smoaking club. But now that my lord is out at the elbows, and has taken another gentleman's wife (for exchange is no robbery, I suppose he thinks) Mr. Acres has changed his politics, and thus got into such high feather, that my lord wrote to him for a loan of a hundred pound, which he not only refused, but ordered his clerk to answer the letter; although old Acres, the present justice's father, was educated at a charity school at the expense of the old lord, and some folks think that he was not his father's son at all." How my landlady made this out I know not; but I did not call on her to explain.

"Well," continued she, "to be sure there's fine doings in high life, for my Lord was

once patched up by marrying an ironmonger's daughter; but he spent her fortune at the races and the gaming table, and then took off a married woman from Bath. We're told that he lives abroad, and that Ma'am and he keep up a great house by giving card parties.

"Now our deputy lieutenant is the natural son of another lord, and he married an heiress, the daughter of a Jew; and what with the Corn bill, and being a recruiting serjeant to get votes for our member, he has got on prodigiously; and they talk of his being about to get a seat in parliament himself, though he stutters so that you can't understand a word of what he says, and he's deaf into the bargain. But we're told that he will have nothing to do but to be one of the yea and nay squad; and you know a nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse, so he may do as well as a better."

I now enquired about the lawyer and the apothecary, who being factotum, in chymis-

try, pharmacy, midwifery, etc. is generally called the doctor.

The former she told me was a very good man, for he never meddled in law matters at all, and many thought that he knew nothing about the business; but his clerk, "who does all," said she, "is as vile a varmint as ever disgraced the country. He is a complete spy upon the people, who scarcely dare say their soul's their own, but he threatens them with prosecutions. If a man look over a hedge, he'll indict him for trespass; and if he shoot a tom-tit in the snow, he'll magnify it into a partridge or a pheasant.

"The lawyer enjoys an annuity for marrying a cast-off of his worship's, and they say that he had a bantling given into the bargain; but that's between you and I." "Pardon me," said I, smiling. "They call it a foundling," she continued, "as is educated out of charity; but it's pretty well known that it's well paid for. These are strange ways

of getting a fortune, but so it is; and the lawyer does nothing but drive about in his carriage, and amuse himself like the greatest gentleman in the land.

"As for the doctor, he is one of the cleverest men ever known, and so funny and good natured as never was. He is the delight of all the children in the neighbouring villages, and indeed some of 'em are very like him. He has been married no less than three times, and each time to a patient. He marries 'em, and lays 'em, and buries 'em in a giffy; and he always get fortunes with 'em. His present lady is in a deep decline, and the doctor has bespoken a fourth wife,—they say, the widow of a rich brewer about ten miles off. Poor fellow! he went off by hard drinking, and 'tis thought that the doctor gave him a lift, for he used to set up with him boosing all night, and was always very sweet upon his lady.

"But bless you, perhaps this is all scandal; and I'm sure I would not back-bite my

neighbours for the world. I only say what we hear."

"The member of parliament," she went on to inform me, "got his place for writing speeches for a right honourable benefactor. He had been a bankrupt lawyer; but by making himself agreeable to the lord lieutenant, and doing his dirty work, he got a place in the excise, and in a few years bought up the tythes. He is articled, they say, to give his vote as the lord lieutenant orders him; and it is strongly suspected that another strong hold which he has on my lord is the beauty of his wife, and my lord's liking for her. But the member is an easy man, and only thinks of his pleasure, now that his fortune is made. He made fine promises to the voters last election; but he cares not a farthing for them now, that he is safe in his seat.

"The rector," concluded she, "is a delightful man. He sings the best song in the country, and is as well mounted and as bold

a rider as any in Christendom. He got his living, 'tis said, for seeing a noble duke under the table. He can take off his four bottles without being disguised; and the duke betted on him as the hardest drinker and the best bottle companion in the county. Nor can he ever do without him. When he gives a great feast, the rector is as sure to be there as the haunch of venison; and a rare hand he is at a trencher too; but he is an honest-hearted, charitable soul."

I asked her if she had ever heard him preach? "Bless you no," said she; "what does he keep Mr. Lovel for, but to do his duty? Preach! no to be sure!" Mr. Lovel, the curate, she informed me, was a great orator, though he did not get his curacy for that. The member for the county got it for him, because his father was an elector, and the son was supposed to be the best whist player in England. The member always takes him for his partner; and it is thought that Mrs. Lovel and he make a

good thing of the whist table, when they go for three months to a watering place.

" He had," continued she, " a fine work with a dissenting clergyman who has set up his shop in the next village; but the curate blew him out of the water, in their paper war. The dissenter wanted to be witty; and upon his pig having strayed and being found in the church porch, he had the impudence to say that it could not be his pig, for the animal was not blind, and he must have been blind indeed to have gone to his church. Howsomdever, the curate pounded the pig, and silenced the dissenter too, and we heard no more of the quarrel."

Here I looked at my watch, which acted as a broad hint to my landlady. She hoped that she had not intruded toolong, and that I would not think her a gossip, for she never could bear scandal, or backbiting. With this we parted, and I amused myself with reflecting on the strange qualifications which get some men into place, fortune,

and power; and upon counting over a number of great characters who had got into the senate, the cabinet, diplomacy, and public offices of trust and emolument, I found that bottle-talent, sporting, gaming, a pretty wife, a vote in the county, or making speeches for others, had raised many in as extraordinary a way as the characters whose history my landlady had related, so much at length, for the amusement of her unknown guest,

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

N°XX.

VISIT TO A PRIVATE MADHOUSE.

Say can'st thou minister to a mind diseased ?
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow.

MACBETH.

VISIT TO A PRIVATE MADHOUSE.

THERE are many who seem to possess souls full of sensibility, yet who are so alarmed at contemplating suffering humanity, that it is repulsive to them in every shape. Such persons, instead of truly sympathizing with their fellow creatures, turn aside from their sufferings, and shut their eyes to every distressing scene, under the pretence that their exquisite feelings could not bear the shock. This, however, is the delusion of weak minds, and has no part in charity.

The man who visits the mansions of woe,

who is eye-witness to the scenes of mourning which our prisons and our hospitals exhibit, will exercise his active benevolence with far more effect than the retired philanthropist, or rather than he who assumes that name, contenting himself with the narrative of distress, and with alleviating it out of the superfluity of his fortune!

People in general fly from the abodes of misery, and satisfy themselves by sending pecuniary relief; where sympathizing visits would really enhance the value of the offering, and would materially alter and amend the sad condition of the succoured person. There appears to me to be ten-fold more genuine benevolence in a personal visit to the prisoner, or the sick man, than there is in any donation short of entire relief.

I remember a poor officer who was confined a long time for debt. A rich companion visited him at first for three successive days; he then made a weekly look in upon

him; at last he contented himself by writing to him, and by lending him a small sum of money. Another comrade, whose means were few, and who was reduced to half-pay, on which he had to support a wife and family, joined his dinner on a Sunday to the scanty meal of his unfortunate acquaintance, and on every other day passed the evening with him, smoked his segar, drank his ale, and beguiled the lingering hours of captivity by his social converse, as well as by sending him the newspapers, and any amusing publication he could meet with.

The conduct of the rich man, and his gradual relinquishment of friendship and intimacy, pierced the sufferer's breast in the most acute manner; for, under such circumstances, a man is always jealous, his observing eye discerns a slight, in a moment, whilst his loss of freedom greatly increases the irritability of his mind. Such a man seems alone on earth, cut adrift from all mankind; under quarantine, deserted,

avoided; nay indeed, too often are such sufferers shunned like a contagious house. The charitable heart and hand, therefore, which open to them, are hailed with gratitude's warmest blessing.

So was it with my friend. He never could consider his rich acquaintance as his friend again after his enlargement; whilst his poor sympathizing visitor was to him, through life, more than a brother.

It was in like manner with a sick friend or dependent. How often we see the daily visit decline into a formal enquiry; and the excuses for such conduct are many and successful—such as the heat of the room, the lowness of spirits which such visits produce, not liking to see the person suffer, want of time, and so forth.

Such delicacy has never been my lot. I have invariably, unless in cases of infection, visited my sick companions, my servants and the poor. I have also been a constant attendant upon any poor acquaintance whose

misfortunes, or imprudence had deprived of his liberty; and I have eaten a scanty meal under such circumstances with as much appetite as I could have had in feasting at a ministerial dinner; and (when in my power to administer comfort or relief) with ten times more real enjoyment.

Of all the houses of mourning, that to which poor unhappy mortals are sent, under mental derangement, is certainly the most gloomy, strikes the imagination with most horror, and is most repulsive to enter; yet has a visit to such an abode much utility in it, and it serves as a wholesome lesson to pride and incredulity; for who can enter the maniac's cell without putting up a fervent orison of thanksgiving to his Maker, who has not extinguished in him the intellectual ray, that spark whose loss makes total darkness upon earth, and levels us with the brute creation? Who can quit such a mansion without having his heart and mind filled with

religious awe, with salutary humility, with subdued ambition and pride, with charity, with pity, and above all with gratitude?

Having never been backward, or scrupulous in visiting scenes of human distress, I was applied to, a short time ago, to accompany a person, in a visit to a relation, who was confined at some distance from London in a private madhouse. My acquaintance felt much aversion to this task, as he considered it; and it was with a view of rendering it less melancholy, that I was pitched upon as a companion. We found the unfortunate object of our enquiries in a lucid interval; and I was convinced that more frequent and kinder visits, a strict and frequent observance of the progress of returning reason, a fostering of the intellectual ray, an innocent diverting of the imagination, every possible diminution of the idea of madness, discipline or confinement, would tend as much to the cure, as

regimen, retirement and coercion, particularly when administered by those who may have an interest in detaining the sufferer.

On this occasion I studiously avoided every inquisitive look, all searching and prying expression, and above all every thing like suspicion, drawing back, or gloom of countenance. I addressed the deranged person with the cheerfulness of an old acquaintance, and with the urbanity and confidence due to one possessing his mental faculties in undisturbed integrity. I also advised my companion to do the same; and I perceived the good effect of such conduct. A look of pity though well meant is a dagger to a diseased mind or body. Pity, like wit, should be wisely and dexterously, delicately and moderately used; else do both oftener wound than please, oftener injure than bring relief.

The case of the deranged person in question was by no means desperate; it was the

effect of fever; and he recovered from it; but there was within the same walls, a female, whose lovely form, interesting appearance, and sad story harrowed up my heart. I shall give it as briefly as possible; for even now my bosom swells with an indescribable pang, the blood mounts up to my head, my mind is all indignation, and the sorrowful remembrance shakes my nerves to a degree of womanish weakness.

Passing an apartment next to that of the person whom we visited, I saw a young person, whose fine dark hair overshadowed a bosom of snow, fly across the room, and then hide herself in a corner, covering her dejected eyes with her lily hands. "Poor Ellen!" exclaimed the keeper: "that girl is to be pitied." At this moment, we heard her say, in a low incoherent manner: "A man! a man!—Fie for shame! Out of doors with you! A disgrace to your family! For shame! —A man, vile, base, a murderer!" Here

she paused, drew a deep sigh, and then repeated—" a murderer of woman's peace." I listened again, horror-struck; when, throwing herself on her knees, she whispered, " spirits of gentleness and peace! ye who inhabit the mansions where spring ever flourishes, where the sun's ray scorches not, and the cold, cold wind bites not, protect my tender babe, for she died in her innocence." I could bear the scene no longer: yet curiosity led me to enquire her history.

She was the seventh daughter of a poor lieutenant who had retired on a small pension for his wounds. She lived in the neighbourhood of a very rich man, who, for four successive years, had watched her growing beauties and attractions, and after using every artifice which the worst of minds could invent, and the basest heart could practise, succeeded at last in ruining her under a solemn promise of marriage. Time

rolled on, and with it various pretexts and excuses for delay. At length her situation betrayed her shame; her distracted father cast her from beneath his roof; and her infernal seducer at once denied his promise, and refused her an asylum. The fruits of this guilty flame, a lovely daughter, was taken from her by the desire of its monster-father, and was put in the Foundling Hospital, whilst the distracted mother was told that it had died.

Here her reason left her; nor has she ever regained one lucid moment since. Fixed and deep rooted melancholy has seized upon her mind; it was now too late for her proud father to be reconciled; nor could the seducer of her innocence make reparation even if he were inclined. The former is no more. The latter still struts like prosperous vice, and holds a high place in society; yet murder is white to this. Let us dismiss the subject. Execrable villain! Alas, poor Ellen! often

has thy faded form, thy woe-worn countenance, flitted, in a moment of solitude and reflection, before the fancy of

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No. XXI.

JUVENILE RECOLLECTIONS.

Ah happy hills! ah pleasing shade!
  Ah fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
  A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
  As waving fresh their gladsome wing
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And redolent of joy and youth
  To breathe a second spring.

GRAY.

JUVENILE RECOLLECTIONS.

FROM the cradle to the grave we trace the wisdom of the Creator, by those fine associations, by that close knit web of affection and brotherly love, of dependance and protection, of friendship and reciprocity, of sensibility and sympathy, which connects the great family of man.

The tender tie commences with the innocent babe pillowed on his mother's fond bosom, and nourished by her vital stream. It plays round his lovely face in the infant state, where the arch countenance of the child recognizes a parent's smile. It walks

hand in hand with the tottering little one, trying its uncertain steps, and sporting with one of a similar helpless age. This tie matured grows into human plants placed by the hand of nature in the same soil and in propinquity to each other; it links the sexes in sacred and indissoluble bonds, it throbs and glows in the field of fight, nobly animating to deeds of valour, where brother and brother, comrade and companion in arms, townsman and messmate share the laurel and the danger bravely and firmly together; it descends even to the cold grave, where kindred lie united in the last embrace of death, and where the survivor looks forward to be placed near the beloved of his youth, or to be gathered to his venerable and revered forefathers.

No where are these ties, these associations, more sacredly preserved than in Caledonia. But we shall confine ourselves to only one of them, namely, that of early companionship and school-fellow.

Education in Scotland is an object of major importance. The Scot thirsts for knowledge; the poorest get a taste of the stream; even very humble individuals make the most generous, praiseworthy sacrifices, in order to educate their progeny in a decent and respectable manner. Therein we see the rapid improvement of the country, the frequency of eminence in different branches of learning, and science; the studious turn of the Scotchman, the grave and tranquil habits which he imbibes; the paucity of crimes, and the fair proportion of prosperity generally attendant on his honest and industrious endeavours: we need no farther proof that knowledge ennobles, and renders happy, whilst ignorance breeds errors, discontent, misery, crimes, and degradation.

Wisdom makes the Caledonian peculiarly happy, because wisdom cannot exist without morality. A man may be profound in some branch of knowledge, but he only is truly wise, who is truly good: our passions,

it is true, are a host of enemies to wisdom; but our dearest interests, even in this world, and the well being of society, depend upon our wisdom and morality. But not to the grave and solid advantage of education and learning only, does the Caledonian owe the happiness which they produce. His most pleasurable enjoyments are in the links and associations of blended friendship and education. Dear to him is the school companion of his early years: closely connected with his own well doing is the welfare of such a brother of adoption, a class fellow! the word is full of the most warm and kindly feeling. The fraternity of the school, of lectures of instruction and of letters operates most powerfully on his heart, and mind. "What, my auld school cronie!" will cry a brother Scot, meeting such a one at the very extremity of the globe, or couching in the cold bivouac—"My auld class fellow!" "why, man, what brought you here?" There is an electric effect in

this which warms the Scot to his heart's core. To see the companion of his early studies, cheers the lone hour, charms the overcoming toil, cheats the weary moments, and sweetens the bitterest cup of care. Strewed with flowers is the path which they tread together; gently and bewitchingly with them roll on the hours of social intercourse. How affection beams in each eye whilst enjoying a crack on the subject of the school, the honest Domine, the quaint yet worthy maister; about the classics, the playing truant, the juvenile sports, and all these dear nothings, which, summed up together, amount to volumes of benevolence and good fellowship. Can he then who has visited the early fount of knowledge, with his Cronie, and playmate, see him cold or hungry, poor or ill lodged, unprosperous and neglected, oppressed or insulted, without looking back to former years of mutual intimacy, which lead him to take him by the hand, nay by the heart, and to support and uphold him,

with a share of what he has?' It is for this reason that we see Scotchmen shoulder to shoulder, in ascending the steep acclivity of fortune, and that the envious reproach them with nationality, instead of lauding them for that neighbourly feeling which makes self and social but one. This strong Caledonian feeling operates in every stage and circumstance of life; and is of the most beneficial tendency in all, even the humblest classes. Sandy or Donald cannot be disgraced in any undertaking abroad or at home; for he is sure to meet with his schoolfellow go where he will. The honor of his mountain, his strath, his glen, his town, or his country, is ever jealously supported: the eye of a playmate, or class-fellow, of a clansman, or of a neighbour's child, is ever proudly, and anxiously turned upon him, and he must neither disgrace them, nor himself.

In no part of the world, does the tenant of the soil identify himself with it more entirely than in Scotland; and hence have risen

a thousand noble deeds, a thousand prosperous enterprises. But, above all, this tie of early friendship, and school habits, has produced numberless enjoyments, as well as numberless benefits, and mutual services. How many a Scottish heart has burned within its owner's bosom, when he has recognised a school-fellow leading on to death, or victory! How many a tearful eye has run over, whilst reading the detail of a school-fellow's well deserving of his country! Mark the eye of the early playmate, upon unexpectedly opening on a kindred soul, a second self, who needed not the more imperious claim of relationship to endear him to him. Behold the adherence through life, of men brought up and educated together; and then let the worldlings call it prejudice if they dare.

Even in solitude, the eye turns back to those early, innocent and endearing hours, which have marked our onset in life: we look back to them as we do to the spot where we first marked the sun rise majestically

upon us; we sigh when we consider that we have passed the mid-way, that his meridian is gone by with us, and that we are wearing down the steep. Love and regret mingle in the thought of that morning of life; whilst the trembling tear not unfrequently reflects its gilded moments. The heart names the companions of those days, and we live over again, a brief space of that felicity. Different indeed are the rising and the setting sun: the latter may be rich and gilded, but it is awfully and prophetically grand; whilst his incipient ray exhibits the first blush of beauty, and shows all creation lit up with hope and cheerfulness, with life and love.

If a Scottish reader in running over this imperfect sketch of feeling, can bring back these bewitching reminiscences of youth, it will compensate him for the loss of time, in perusing what the heart has dictated forcibly, though the hand can but feebly trace it. To such a man I would only add, in

conclusion, that I ardently wish that the friends of his youth may be the companions of his old age; and that they who have climbed the brae together, may gently glide down its declivity hand in hand.

From such loved associates of my youth have I derived the most social enjoyments of middle age—with them I delight to share the observations I make on men and manners, in my character of the Hermit in London; and when away from them I can effectually beguile by the recollection of their enlivening cheerfulness, and supporting friendship, any of the languid or anxious moments to which every frail mortal is occasionally subjected, and which, did he consider himself as an unconnected solitary being, would undoubtedly fall much oftener than they now do, to the lot of

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No. XXII.

FALSE APPEARANCES.

Come then, from past examples let us prove,
What raises hate, contempt, esteem, or love.

BROWN

FALSE APPEARANCES.

THERE are, unfortunately, a number of things so similar in appearance, yet so unlike in essence, and reality, that they may be mistaken continually by the credulous and unwary, who become the dupes and victims of them. The Italian says,—

> Belle Parole e cative fatti
> Ingannano savi e matti.

Thus too, do the learned and the unlearned often fall into error, from false appearances; mistaking pride for benevo-

lence, selfishness for friendship, sinister views for pure, honest intentions, and the triumph of arrogance, for useful services. How many proud ones do we meet daily, who treat their inferiors like the worms of the earth, trampling on their unoffending lowliness, yet figuring in print at the head of charitable and patriotic lists for large sums, for which they will even make great sacrifices of convenience. But is the burnt-offering and holocaust presented at the altar of charity?—is their incence burned before the holy fane of humanity? No, it is the sacrifice offered at the impure shrine of pride—it is self-love disguised in the snowy mantle of benevolence.

The uncrafty observer, nay even,—the wise and sensible man, judging his fellow creature by his actions, would consider that the public patron of a philanthropic society, a governor of an orphan hospital, a liberal subscriber to institutions for the poor, the sick, the blind, the aged and infirm, the

forlorn female who is betrayed by her seducer, and the suffering mother, in her most critical hour, must be a soul of beneficence, a mild and compassionate being, a treasure to the indigent, and an ornament to mankind.

In like manner, he who lays the foundation of a temple dedicated to religion, or who puts down the first hundred, to rear an edifice of piety, may be taken for a most devout and exemplary christian. Alas! how often is he quite the reverse of all these! haughty, overbearing, oppressive to the poor about his domain, repulsive, harsh, tyrannical, and the terror of his neighbourhood, willing to outlaw a fellow creature, for a bird, transport the industrious father of a family for the smallest fish in his stream, hang a servant for the loss of what he misses not, and devote the victim of his guilty passion to shame and penury.

It is ostentation which enrols his worthless name with the patrons of the distressed;

it is pride which induces the selfish wretch to be set down in print, for an equal or a superior sum to that which one of blood royal has subscribed, or to come next in rotation on the list, to a duke or an earl.—But let us fly from these higher and more iniquitous examples, to minor deceivers in society.

These are good sort of people (as they are called and fain would pass for) in all ranks, who are the most neighbourly creatures upon earth: they go from house to house, inspiring confidence, groaning over the misfortunes of their friends, pitying the sufferings of their fellow creatures, yet pitying but to destroy.

Lady Lackaday has a commiserating look for all her neighbourhood, a store of advice ever at hand, remedies to prescribe for all her acquaintance, but—relief for no one.

"What a pity!" she will say to a young and beautiful woman, not very long become

a bride, "that your husband should have such little regard for his reputation as to allow his foolish attentions to Mrs. Lovemore to be made a town talk." Now, the poor lady never suspected her partner before; and the information is given only for the purpose of meddling, or for the still worse end, of marring domestic tranquillity.

"How ill you look, Lady Mary!" she will say to another: "upon my honour, if the General were not abroad, I should look for an increase of family." If Lady Mary smile, or blush, the arch look, or the suffusion of crimson, is alike interpreted into guilt, painted in lively colours, to some sister gossip, and blazoned to the whole town.

Miss Chronicle, a disappointed old maid, has no defects; she neither drinks, talks improperly, gets into debt, gambles, nor scolds, but she sits by, and good naturedly puts every one right.

"I am sorry, my dear," said she to a

young friend, "that you are so intimate with lady Airly; just observe her and the colonel in the guards, and you will learn the source of her splendid establishment." To another, she is good enough to insinuate that her lover is a man of bad life; and to a parent she is so obliging as to expose his children's failings through the most unfavourable medium.

Sir John Gandertrap, passes for the most friendly man in his county, for he is incessantly probing for some family wound, in order to offer the balsam of his advice, and afterwards expose the sufferer to pity, that is to say, to the marked contempt of the town. He is continually throwing his hook and net, trolling and angling for secrets, with his mild look of *bonhommie*, and then letting them out, as he does his leases, to the best advantage, insuring a welcome at No. 3, from the exposure of No. 2, and canvassing an interest with titled hackers and hewers of reputation, by deli-

vering up a fresh victim to their barbarous appetite for scandal.

Again, there is Lord Flirt, who, under the gay disguise of frankness and openness, of *gaieté de cœur*, and innocent attention, dangles away the reputation of every fresh, artless face which appears in the infectious circle of fashion and frivolity, shews rural walks and picturesque views, salubrious rides and novel drives, to giddy unmarried innocents, and then blights their fairest prospects by obvious preferences, doubtful looks, licentious glances, and that villainous air of attachment and possession which veteran male coquettes so well know how to assume; thus immolating to vanity, ten-fold more culpable than passion, the bud of innocence, and the tender blossom of beauty. These declining Adonises, these perishing Philanders, like a wintry sun, warm, but to expose to after storms, cheer but to deceive.

It would be endless to mention the numerous counterfeits of *soi-disant* protectors of

females, the legions of titular lovers, the crowds of false matrons to the unmarried, who under the mask of friendship, service and regard, wither the fame of the unsuspecting, tamper with the honour and affections of those intrusted to their society, and advise away the confidence and good conduct of the youthful. All these characters appear the quietest, the safest, the easiest and the best natured of human beings,—so paternal! so motherly!

Lord Skirmish, old enough to be Miss Barbara's father, how can she be safer than under his arm? Mr. Moralize, so brotherly, so retired in his habits, a complete professor of platonic affection! Mrs. Mildew, so circumspect herself! to whom could a young lady more safely unbosom her inexperienced heart? Alas! alas! but the number is infinite.

Lastly, there is Mr. Melanthon. He is old, grave, rich, and a great reader: he offers his unsolicited counsel and purse to all his

acquaintance; but his counsel is like a move occasionally made at chess, merely with a view to entrap you into leaving yourself unguarded. His purse is a bribe, in order to render you the slave of his vanity, and a creature at his command: if he do you a small favour, 'tis to tell it to the whole town. If, encouraged by his kindness, you ask for a service of magnitude, or a sum of money of any amount, he affectedly laments his inability to assist you; but ruins your credit, and exposes your difficulties to the world.

A certain baronet dealt very fitly with a person of Mr. Melanthon's cast. After the former had declined his proffered assistance a score of times, he, at last, solicited the loan of a hundred pounds, which was refused, with the deepest expression of regret. "Then," said the baronet, "you must fight me, since, probing the most secret recesses of my heart, you have induced me thus to unfold my secret, and to let myself down

to the tone of solicitation. I must either have the service so repeatedly offered to me, or, satisfaction for my wounded honor; for the man thus capable of deceiving, must be equally capable of betraying a secret." The money was lent, and returned the next day; but the circumstance cured the officious pretender ever after.

I, by no means, applaud any thing like a forced loan; but cannot help condemning and despising those offers of friendship, which spring not honestly and naturally from the heart, which proceed from base insincerity, and terminate in cruel disappointment and irreparable injury; and whenever instances of them occur within my own knowledge, I shall always avail myself of my office of moral inquisitor, to expose them, whether they come within my cognizance as the Hermit in London, or

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N° XXIII.

SCOTLAND.

And now, each dear, domestic scene he knew,
Recall'd and cherish'd in a foreign clime,
Warms with the magic of a moonlight view,
Its colours mellowed, not impair'd by time.

ROGERS.

SCOTLAND.

Of all the nations under the sun, there is not one whose population have the *amor patriæ* more deeply impressed in their bosoms, than the Scots. Added to this love of country, which identifies the inhabitant of the soil, with the soil itself; which makes its interest and its glory, its fame, or its misfortunes personal, the Scotchman has the love of home beautifully interwoven with his feelings, inalienably mingled with his sympathies, ever present to his mind, constituting the goal of his career, the term and reward of all his actions.

This innate principle exists in other nations; but I doubt its reaching with them to the extent to which it goes with the Celt, or Caledonian. The advantages of many countries, cause their children to pine for them when absent. The Caledonian has not these inducements, yet he prefers his desolate muir, his bleak mountain, his sepulchral pine, his purple heather, and his humble hut, to fertility, cultivation, the vineyard and the palace; and, although his interest may plant him elsewhere, his heart still sojourns at home.

The love of country makes the Frenchman exclaim, "*Mon cher pays, et mon premier amour!*" The Hibernian will sing out,

"With thee were the dreams of my earliest love,
"Every thought of my reason was thine."

But the Scotchman's is an humble, yet more heartfelt lay. To him, his rocks, his glens, and his wild flowers are the objects of his soul's devotion, and the subjects of his

praise; and, though he cannot speak of Scotland as Mr. Dallas does so beautifully of Seville*, nor as another Scottish bard, Mickle, does of Madeira‡, yet do his lines flow from the deepest recesses of his affections, and form a happy contrast to their warmer imaginary descriptions; as the

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* Sweet are thy gardens, Seville! sweet the breath,
That blossom'd bow'rs exhale around thy wall;
'Tis beauty all; and winter's gentlest death
Blows on thy flowers, and few the leaves that fall
To strew the paths;—a yellower tint is all
That to thy groves the chill Levanter lends,
As if reflected from each golden ball
Of fragrant fruit that from the branches bends;
And in a month 'tis o'er—the little winter ends.

† Named from her woods, with fragrant bower adorn'd,
From fair Madeira's purple coast we turn'd,
Cyprus and Paphos vales the smiling loves
Might leave with joy for fair Madeira's groves;
A shore so flowery, and so sweet an air,
Venus might build her dearest temple there.

Camoens' *Lusiad, translated by* Mickle.

following effusions of that bard of nature, Burns, clearly exemplify.

Their groves of sweet myrtles let foreign lands
reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers exhale the perfume!
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green brecken,
With the burn stealing under the lang yellow
broom.
Far dearer to me, yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen;
For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
A' listing the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Nothing can be more simple nor more irresistible. My military relation conversing one day on the Peninsular war with a companion in arms, happened to mention the love of country, and expatiating on the beauties and the comforts of old England, observed, "I dare say, Donald, you very often think of your home too, though less rich in produce and felicitous in soil." The enthusiast, a lad of about nineteen, replied, "O my ain

hame! what else is there worth thinking of there? I can see at this moment my faither's hoose, the rough greyhound at the door, and ilka glen and burnie, about the place. A' are dear to me; an it maks my heart warm, when I think on them. What else is't that encourages a man to earn a hard livelihood in order to haud up there without the turmoil o' getting ane's ain bread! An what maks fatigues an dangers easy, but the hope of so 'easing our aged years?"

Here the drum beat to arms, and Donald jumped up, snapping his fingers and singing the reel O'Tulloch-Gorum. But this was all honest pride and not thoughtlessness or insensibility; for he wanted to conceal the full tide of affection that was swelling in his eye, and he turned hastily, whilst the tears were (to use his own phrase) rapping down his cheeks—no man did his duty better.

After the battle of Waterloo I enquired of a Roxburghshire private, of the ninety-

second, whether the regiment did not arrive fatigued on the field, so that it did not come fresh into action. "Aye," replied the soldier, "we were wearied enough, that's true; but whan we heard the pipes play up, an' our lads cheering, we were as light fitted as linties, and we louped on the enemy, as though we war rinning a race to a wadding!—the pipes and the cheering, brought home before us in every note, and every man felt the necessity of doing his duty from affection more than from either glory or interest." Poor Sandie, (for that was his name,) was wounded in the thigh, of which he complained not. "I did not mind that," said he: "only I thought it hard to be cut an' hacked by a French Dragoon after I was down." Sandie himself was too noble to act thus with a fallen foe. "And what thought you when you were down?" said his interrogator. "I dinna ken, Sir," replied he, "if it wasna whether I should ever see my puir mither again,

and whether Wullie (my brither) wha's in the Grey's was hurt or no !"

Without further comment, I leave my reader to form his opinion on these two lads, a Highlander and a Lowlander, the one an officer and the other a private, and he will, doubtless, perceive that the same principles of honour, and the same love of country and home actuated both.

These instances (amongst many others) are engraven in my heart, and I trust that such conduct is registered in a more impe-rishable record than in that of

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